THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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WINTER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY T. J. CHAMBERS.

The trees are bare, the ground is white,
The inky clouds above me fly
Across the leaden, wintry sky,
And all is dreary to the sight.

No blooming flower, no waving grass,
No singing birds among the trees,
No softly scented southern breeze,
But chilling north winds hurry past.

Old Winter reigns with icy chain,
The little rivulets sing no more;
With ice and snow they're covered o'er,
While coldly fall the sleet and rain.

Without all, all is bleak and cold,
No verdant leaf to cheer the eye,
No softly painted azure sky,
The scene is mournful to behold.

Within the lights burn cheerfully,
The blazing hearth is warm and bright;
Ah! yes! *within*, the wintry night
Is free from care, from sorrow free.

Then let the cold storms fiercely moan;
What need we care, within our home,
No cherished one without to roam,
For falling snow or north-wind's groan?

Old Winter! thou hast happy hours,
Happier, perhaps, than verdant spring
Or rosy summer time can bring,
With violets and leafy bowers.

Our little home! best place on earth
For happiness, unbroken peace—
And while the storms without increase,
Within are joy, and love, and mirth.

Lyrnon's Station, Pa.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYATT," "SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR," "THE MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

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PART VI.

RETROSPECT.

Of some note in the county, though exceedingly poor for their rank, were the Oswalds of Thorndyke. Thorndyke, their country seat, was situated about five miles from Hallingham, and had been generally made the constant residence of the reigning baronet. It was a fine old place; the dyke surrounding it, or dike, as you may like to spell it, from which the place no doubt had partially taken its name, was of remarkable width. It was filled up in the time of Lady Oswald's husband, the *third* baronet of his name; and fine pleasure-grounds might be seen now, where unwholesome water had once stagnated. Possibly that water had been the remote and unsuspected cause of the dying off of so many of the house's children—as they had died in the old days.

The *second* baronet, Sir Oswald Oswald, lost five children in succession. Two daughters and a son alone lived to grow up: and perhaps it had been as well for the peace of Sir Oswald and his wife had those three likewise died in infancy; the pain brought to their parents by them might have been less: for pain they all brought in one shape or other. They were self-willed, disobedient; preferring their own ways. The son wished to go into the army. His father had the greatest possible aversion to it; but he persisted, and went, in spite of remonstrance. The younger daughter, Frances, married an old man for his rank. Sir Oswald objected to it: the man's character was of startling notoriety; but Frances took her own will and married him. A few short months only, and she was back again at Thorndyke, driven to take refuge from her husband in her father's home. The elder daughter, Mary, married Mr. Cray, a gentleman of no account, in comparison with the Oswalds of Thorndyke. To this the most strenuous objection of all was made by Sir Oswald and his lady—in their haughty pride they looked down with utter contempt upon Mr. Cray. Miss Oswald disputed the grounds of their objection, urging that Mr. Cray, though of no particular note, was at least of gentle blood and breeding, and though his means might be small, *she* deemed them sufficient. It was of no use: she could make no impression on her father and mother, she could not shake their refusal of consent, and she married Mr. Cray without it. Public opinion on the matter was divided. Some took Miss Oswald's part. She was of an age to judge for herself; being, in fact, no longer very young; and there appeared no good reason, save that he was not wealthy, for objecting to Mr. Cray. But her family—father, mother, brother, sister—bitterly resented it, and said she had disgraced them.

Mr. Cray had about eight hundred a-year, derivable from money in the funds, and he lived in the Abbey, at Hallingham. The Oswalds enjoyed some three or four thousand a-year, landed property, and they lived at Thorndyke, and were baronets and very grand. Of course there was a great difference; but some thought the difference might have been got over by Sir Oswald. Some went so far as to say that Mr. Cray, with his fine, manly person and good conduct, was a better man than that shrivelled old lord who was breaking the heart of his poor wife, the younger daughter. Sir Oswald and Lady Oswald could not be brought to see it; none of the Oswalds could see it: and, take them altogether, brothers, cousins, uncles, and nephews, there was a large family of them.

Mary Oswald married Mr. Cray, and he brought her home to Hallingham Abbey, and her friends never saw her after: that is, they never would recognize her. Many a Tuesday, on which day the family from Thorndyke would drive into Hallingham in their carriage and four—as was the habit with some of the county people,—did they pass her without notice. They would be in the close carriage, the old baronet and my lady, and their daughter Frances, who had no home now but theirs, opposite to them, and they would see Mrs. Cray at the Abbey windows, alone or with her husband, as the case might be, for their road took them past it, and all the greeting they gave to her was a stony stare. Time went on, and there appeared a baby at her side, a pretty little fellow in long petticoats, held in his nurse's arms. That baby was named Oswald Oswald, and was the Mr. Oswald Cray whom you have seen; but the stare from the baronet's carriage was not less stony than before.

A twelvemonth more, when Oswald could just begin to run about in his pretty white frocks, and get his sturdy legs into grief, his hands into mischief, another child was born, and died. Poor Mrs. Cray died herself a few weeks afterwards. People said she had grown weak fretting after Thorndyke, after her father and mother, lamenting their hardness, regretting her own disobedience; but people are prone to talk, and often say things for which there's not a shadow of foundation. She died without having seen her friends, unreconciled; and when Mr. Cray wrote to Sir Oswald a very proper letter, not familiar, but giving the details of her death, no answer was accorded him. Mrs. Cray, as Mary Oswald, had had a small income independent of her father, bequeathed to her by a relative, and this on her death passed to her little son. It was just one hundred and six pounds per year, and she made it her dying request that he should use the surname of Oswald in addition to that of Cray—should be known henceforth as Master Oswald Cray.

And it was so; and when the boy first entered a noted public school for gentlemen's sons far away from Hallingham, and the boys saw him sign his exercises and copies "O. Oswald Cray," they asked him what the "O" was for. For his Christian name, he answered. Was not Oswald his Christian name? they wanted to know. Yes, his Christian and his surname both, he said, Oswald Oswald. It was his grandpapa's Christian and surname, Sir Oswald Oswald. Oh! was *he* his grandfather? asked the boys. Yes; but—Oswald added in his innate love of truth—he had never been the better for him, Sir Oswald had never spoken to him in his life; there was something unpleasant between him and his papa, he did not know what. No, at that stage of the boy's age he was unconscious what the breach was, or that his dead mother had made it.

Poor Oswald Cray had not had a very happy childhood's life; he scarcely knew what was meant by the words, home ties, home love. *He* had never enjoyed them. There was a second Mrs. Cray, and a second family, and she did not like the boy Oswald, or care that he should be at home. He was but four years old when he was despatched to a far-off preparatory school, where he was to stay the holidays as well as the half years. Now and then, about once in two years or so, he would be had home for a fortnight at Christmas, and Mr. Cray would make an occasional journey to see him.

It was at ten years old that he was removed to the public school, where the boys asked him the meaning of the "O." Before that time grief had penetrated to the family of Sir Oswald Oswald. His only son and heir had died in battle in India. His daughter Frances, who had never gone back to the old lord, had died at Thorndyke; and Sir Oswald and his wife were childless. Neither survived the year, and when Oswald was eleven years old, and getting to hold his own in the school, the title had devolved on the next brother, Sir John. Sir John was sixty when he came into it, and had no children. He had offended the Oswald family in the same way that Mary Oswald offended them, by marrying a lady whose family was not as good as his own.

That lady was the present widow, Lady Oswald, now lamenting over the threatened innovation of the railway sheds. Sir John Oswald enjoyed the title but four years only, and then it lapsed to a cousin, for Sir John had no children. The cousin, Sir Philip, enjoyed it still and lived at Thorndyke, and his eldest son would succeed him. They were proud also, those present Oswalds of Thorndyke, and never had spoken to Oswald Cray in their lives. The prejudices of old Sir Oswald had descended upon them, and Sir Philip and Lady Oswald would pass Oswald Cray, if by chance they met him, with as stony a stare as had ever greeted his poor mother.

Perhaps the only one of the whole Oswald family upon whom the prejudices had not descended, was the widow of Sir John. Upon the death of her husband, when she had to leave Thorndyke, she took on lease the house at Hallingham, and had never removed from it. Her jointure was not a large one; but Sir John had bequeathed to her certain monies absolutely, and these were at her own disposal. These monies were also being added to yearly, for she did not spend all her income; so that it was supposed Lady Oswald would leave a pretty little sum behind her, by which somebody would benefit. There was no lack of "somebodies" to look out for it, for Lady Oswald had two nephews with large families, both of whom wanted help badly. One of these nephews, the Reverend Mr. Stephenson, was a poor curate, struggling to bring up his seven children upon one hundred a year. Lady Oswald sent him a little help now and then; but she was not fond of giving away her money.

The pride and prejudices of the family had not fallen upon her, and she noticed and welcomed Oswald Cray. He was fifteen when she settled at Hallingham, and she had him to spend his first holidays with her afterwards. She had continued to notice him ever since; to invite him occasionally, and she was in her way fond of him; but it was not in the nature of Lady Oswald to feel much fondness for any one.

And yet, though not in her inmost heart cherishing the prejudices of the Oswalds, she did in a degree adopt them. She could not be independent and brave them off. Conscious that she was looked down upon herself by the Oswalds, she could not feel sufficiently free to take up her own standard of conduct, and fling those prejudices utterly to the winds. Upon tolerably good terms with Thorndyke, paying it occasional state visits, and receiving state visits from it in return, she did not openly defy all Thorndyke's prejudices. Though she acknowledged Oswald Cray as a relative, received him as an equal, there it ended, and she never by so much as a word or a nod recognized his father, Mr. Cray. She never had known him, and she did not enter upon the acquaintance. But in this there was nothing offensive, nothing that need have hurt the feelings of the Crays: Lady Oswald and they were strangers, and she was not bound to make their acquaintance, any more than she was that of other gentle people about Hallingham, moving in a sphere somewhat inferior to herself.

Mr. Cray had continued to reside at Hallingham Abbey, and to live at it in a style that his income did not justify. However the Oswalds may have despised him, he did not despise himself; neither did Hallingham. Mr. Cray of the Abbey was of note in the town; Mr. Cray was courted and looked up to; Mr. Cray went to dinner-parties, and gave them; Mr. Cray's wife was fashionable and extravagant, and so were Mr. Cray's daughters; and altogether Mr. Cray was a great man, and spent thousands where he ought to have spent hundreds.

He had four children, not counting Oswald. Marcus and three daughters, and it cost something to bring them out in the world. Marcus, changeable and vascillating by nature, fixed upon half-a-dozen professions or occupations for himself, before he decided upon the one he finally embraced—that of a doctor. Chance, more than anything else, caused him to decide on this at last. Altogether, what with home extravagance and the cost of his children, Mr. Cray became an embarrassed man; and when he died, about two years previous to the opening of this story, a very slender support was left to his wife and daughters. His will did not even mention Oswald. Two or three hundred pounds were left to Marcus—the rest to Mrs. Cray, for her life, and to go to her daughters afterwards.

Oswald had not expected any. Where a home gives no affection it is not very likely to give money. When Oswald had come of age he found that his own income, of which his father was trustee, had not only been spent upon his education, but the principal had been very considerably drawn upon as well—in fact, it would take years to redeem it. "I was obliged to do it, Oswald," his father said. "I could not limit your educational expenses, and there was the heavy premium to pay in Parliament street. I'd willingly have paid all cost myself; but it has not been in my power."

Oswald was not ungenerous. He grasped his father's hand and warmly thanked him, saying it was only right his own money should pay his cost when there were so many at home to educate. Ah, it was not the *money* he regretted. Had every sixpence of it been spent—why, it was spent—he was young and strong, with a good profession before him, and brains and hands to work it, he could make his own way in the world, and he should make it. No, it was not the money; but what Oswald had been hurt at, was the manner in which they had estranged him from his home; had kept him from the father's affection which he had yearned for. He knew that the fault had been Mrs. Cray's; that his father held him aloof only under her influence. He did not allow himself to blame his father even in his own heart; but he could not help thinking that were he ever placed in a similar situation, he should openly love and cherish his first-born son, in spite of all the second wives in the world. Oswald had yet to learn by experience how utterly futile is that boast which we are all apt to make—that we should act so differently in other people's places. Never was there a truer aphorism than the homely saying: "Nobody knows where the shoe pinches save those who wear it."

Oswald Cray had been born proud: it might be detected in every tone of his decisive voice, in every turn of his well-set head, in every lineament of his haughty features. He could not help it. It is well to repeat this assertion, because pride is sometimes looked upon as a failing demanding heavy reproach. There it was, and he could not shake it out of him, any more than he could shake out his other qualities or feelings. It was discerned in him when a little child; it was seen conspicuously in his school-days; it reigned paramount in his early manhood. "The boy has the proud spirit of his grandfather, Sir Oswald," quoth the gossips; and no doubt it was from that quarter that it had come. Only in his later days, those years between twenty and thirty, when thought and experience were coming to him, did it grow less observable, for he had the good sense to endeavor to keep it in due subjection.

But it was not a bad sort of pride, after all. It was not the foolish pride of the Oswalds generally, who deemed everybody beneath them; it was rather that pride of

A VISION OF NEW YEAR'S EVE.

THE INNOCENT PHANTOM OF YOUTH UPBRAIDING THE SORDID PHANTOM OF MATURE AGE.

innate rectitude which keeps its owner from doing a mean, a wrong, or a disgraceful action. It was the pride of self-esteem, of self-reliance; that feeling which says "I must not do so and so, for I should disgrace myself—those careless-living men around me may do these things, but I am superior to it." Other young men might plunge into the world's follies; pride, if no better motive, kept Oswald Cray from them. He could not for very shame have borne a tainted conscience; he could not have shown a clear outside to the world, open and fearless, knowing that his heart was foul within.

He was not proud of his family descent from the Oswalds. Quite the contrary. He found no cause to pride himself on either the Oswalds or the Crays. So far as the Oswalds went, many a hundred times had he wished they were no connections of his. All his life he had received from them nothing but slights—and slights to a man of Oswald Cray's temperament bring the deepest mortification. He knew now how they had treated his mother; he felt to his very heart how they despised himself. If he could have changed his dead grandfather into somebody else, a little less foolish and a great deal less grand, he had been better pleased.

But this very isolation from his mother's family had tended to foster his own pride—the mortification which it induced had fostered it—just as the isolation from his own home, from his father, and the second family, had contributed to render him self-reliant. It is not your home-darling, bred up in fond dependence, sheltered from the world's storms as a hot-house flower, who becomes the self-reliant man, but he who is sent out early to rough it, who has nobody to care for him, or to love him, in all the wide earth.

Not a more self-reliant man lived than Oswald Cray. He was sure, under God, of *himself*, of his good conduct; and I think it is about the best surety that a man or woman can carry with them through life. In moments of doubt, perplexity, difficulty, whatever might be its nature, he turned to his own heart and took its counsel—and it never failed him. It was with himself he deliberated; it was his own good judgment, his right feeling that he called to his aid. He had an honest, upright nature, was strictly honorable: a proud man, if it is the proper sort of pride, nearly always is so. His ambition was great, but not extravagant; it did not soar him aloft in flights of fancy, vain, generally speaking, as they are absurd. He was determined to rise to the summit of his profession—that of a civil engineer, but he entertained no foolish dreams beyond it. To attain to that, he would use every diligence, every effort, consistent with uprightness and honor: and dishonorable efforts Oswald Cray would have scorned to use, would have shaken them from him as he shook a summer-day's dust from his shoes.

He was connected with a firm of high repute in Parliament Street: Bracknell and Street. Oswald Cray was a partner, but his name did not appear as yet: and, as you may readily imagine, the lion's share of the profits did not fall to him. In fact, he had entered it very much as his half-brother had entered the house of Dr. Davenal—to obtain a footing. For more substantial recompense he was content to wait. Bracknell and Street were engineers to the Hallingham line, and to Oswald Cray had been entrusted its working and management.

He had said to Lady Oswald, in answer to her reproach of his not calling to see her more frequently, that his time when at Hallingham was so occupied. True, so far: but the chief and real motive which kept him from her house was a sort of sensitive feeling relating to her money. It was not that he dreaded people's saying he was looking after it: he would have scorned that kind of reproach: but he did dread lest any degree of intimacy, any pushing of himself in her way, should cause her to leave it to him. I am not sure that you will quite understand this; understand him or his feeling. None but a man of the nicest honor, who was entrenched, as it were, in his own pride, the pride of rectitude, could have felt this delicacy. He did not want Lady Oswald's money; he knew that he had no claim upon any of it, no right to it, and he would not put himself in her way more than he could help, even as a passing visitor. Gossiping Hallingham had said, "My lady would be leaving her nest-egg to Mr. Oswald Cray." The gossip had penetrated to Mr. Oswald Cray's ears, and his only notice of it was a haughty gesture of contempt: but in all probability it tended to increase his dislike to appear at Lady Oswald's. During these business visits to Hallingham, he sojourned at a respectable inn of the old school, a little beyond the town and the Abbey Gardens, called the Apple Tree, and had recently become more intimate with the family of Dr. Davenal.

Driven forth all his life from his father's home, allowed to enter it but at rare intervals, and then as a formally invited guest, it cannot be supposed that Oswald Cray entertained any strong affection for his half-brother and sisters. Such a state of things would have been unnatural, quite in opposition to ordinary probabilities. It would be wrong to say that they disliked each other; but there was certainly no love: civil indifference may best express the feeling. Marcus, the eldest child of the second Mrs. Cray, was from three to four years younger than Oswald. It had been better that Mrs. Cray had fostered an affection between these boys, but she did just the reverse. She resented the contempt cast on her husband by the Oswalds of Thorndyke; she resented, most unreasonably, the fact that the little money of the first Mrs. Cray should have descended at once to Oswald; she even resented the child's having taken the distinguishing name: he was Oswald Cray, her son plain Cray. How worse than foolish this was of her, how wrong, perhaps the woman might yet learn: but altogether it did excite her against Oswald, and she kept him aloof from her own children, and encouraged those children to be jealous of him. When the boys became men, they met often, and were cordial enough with each other; but there was no feeling of brotherhood, there never could be any.

For a twelvemonth after Mr. Cray's death, Mrs. Cray remained at the Abbey, and then she left it. It was too expensive a residence for her now—its rent swallowing up half her income. She removed to a watering-place in Wales with her daughters, where, as she facetiously said, she hoped they should "get along." Marcus, who had qualified for a surgeon, became assistant to Dr. Davenal, and that gentleman at length gave him a small share in the profits. It was not a regularly constituted firm—"Davenal & Cray;" nothing of the sort. Hallingham knew that he was admitted a partner, so far as receiving a share went; and they knew that that was all.

He was liked in Hallingham, this young doctor, and Dr. Davenal had done it in kindness, to give him a standing. As the time went on, he would have no doubt a larger and larger share, some time succeed to the whole. He was considered a suitable partner for the doctor; the Crays of the Abbey had always been looked up to in the town; and young Cray's skill as a doctor was in the ascendant. Lady Oswald was getting to like him very much, she evinced a desire to patronize him, to push forward his interests; and Dr. Davenal was really in hope that she would adopt him as her medical attendant for every-day calls instead of himself. Mr. Cray could spare the time for these useless visits better than Dr. Davenal. He, Mr. Cray, resided in lodgings in the town, and was growing in its favor daily in a professional point of view: not that he had displayed any unusual skill, but simply that Hallingham gave him credit for possessing it, because they liked *him*.

There was a large family of the Davenals, as there was of the Oswalds—speaking in both cases of the days gone by, and comprising collateral branches. Years and years ago Surgeon Davenal had been a noted name in Hallingham; he had a large practice, and he had several children. It is not necessary to speak of all the children. Richard (the present Dr. Davenal) was the eldest son, and had succeeded to the practice. The two other sons, Walter and John, had chosen to enter the Church, and both, when ordained, had gone out to the West Indies; one of them became chaplain to the Bishop of Barbadoes, the other obtained a church in the island. Both had married there, and Caroline Davenal was the only child of Walter, the elder of the two.

Sara was twelve years old when her cousin Caroline arrived, an orphan: father and mother were both dead. A poor clergyman in the West Indies, dying young, was not likely to have amassed money, and the little child, Caroline, had literally nothing. Her father wrote an appealing letter to his brother Richard on his death-bed, and Richard Davenal was not one to reject it.

"She shall be my child henceforth, and Sara's sister," said he, in the warmth of his heart, when the letter and the child arrived at Hallingham. And so she had been.

But it was by no means so certain that Caroline Davenal would not some time be rich. A very large sum of money was pending in her mother's family, who were West Indians. It had become the subject of dispute, of litigation, and was at length thrown into that formidable court in England—Chancery. Should it be decided in one way, Caroline would derive no benefit; if in another, she would come in for several thousand pounds. The probabilities were in her favor—but Chancery, as you all know, is a capricious court, and does not hurry itself to inconvenience.

Upon the death of Dr. Davenal's wife, his sister Bettina came to reside with him, and to rule his children. He had but three: Richard, Edward, and Sara. There had been others between Edward and Sara, but they died young. Fine lads, those of Dr Davenal, although they took to plaguing stern Miss Bettina, and aggravatingly called her "Aunt Bett." Fine young men, too, they grew up, well reared, liberally educated. Richard embraced his father's profession; for Edward, a commission in the army was purchased in accordance with his strong wish, and he was now Captain Davenal.

And Richard Davenal, the eldest son, where was he? Ah! it was a grievous story to look back upon. It had clouded the life of Dr. Davenal, and would cloud it to the end. Richard was dead, and Dr. Davenal blamed himself as the remote cause.

When Richard had completed his studies and passed the College of Surgeons, he returned to Hallingham, and joined his father in practice, as it had been intended that he should. He grew greatly in favor; he promised to be as clever as his father: Hallingham courted him; he was a man of attractive presence, genial manners, and he mixed a great deal of pleasure with his life of work. Dr. Davenal spoke to him seriously and kindly. He said that too much pleasure did not agree long with work, could not agree with it, and he begged him to be more steady. Richard laughed, and said he would. A short while, and startling news reached the ears of Dr. Davenal, that Richard was thinking of marrying one who was undesirable. Richard, his fine boy, of whom he was so fond and proud, marry *her!* It was not against the young lady herself that so much could be urged, but against her connections. They were most objectionable. Dr. Davenal pointed out to Richard that to wed this girl would be as a blight upon his prospects, a blow to his reputation. Richard could not be brought to see it; though not quite equal to themselves in position, she was respectable, he said, and her connections had nothing to do with it, he did not marry them, he married her. The feud continued; not an open feud, you understand, but an under current of opposition, of coolness. Richard would not give up his project, and Dr. Davenal would not view it with anything but aversion. As to giving his consent, that Dr. Davenal never would, and Richard, hitherto dutiful, was not one to go the length of marrying in defiance.

It was at this time, or a little before it, that the dispute had arisen in Barbadoes touching the money already spoken of. Particulars of it were written to Dr. Davenal by his brother John, explaining also how Caroline's interests were involved. He, the Rev. John Davenal, said in the same letter that he was anxious to send his two little boys to Europe for their education, and was waiting to find them a fit escort; he did not care to trust them alone in the ship. As Dr. Davenal read this letter, a sudden thought darted into his mind like a flash of lightning. What if he sent out Richard? Richard could sift the details about this fortune, could, if expedient, urge Caroline's interests; he could bring back the two little boys, and—and—the chief thought of all lay behind—it might break off the engagement with the young girl here, Fanny Parrack! Quite a glow of satisfaction came over Dr. Davenal's face at the thought.

He sought a conference with his son. He told him that he wished him to take a voyage to Barbadoes; that Caroline's interests required somebody to go out; that the two little boys had no friend to bring them over. Richard hesitated. To most young men a visit to the West Indies would be a welcome distraction; but Richard Davenal seemed strangely to hold back from it—to shrink from its very mention. Did some mysterious warning of what it would bring forth for him dart unconsciously across his spirit? Or did he fear that it might in some way lead to his losing the young lady upon whom he had set his heart? It cannot be known. Certain it was, remembered, oh, how remembered afterwards, that an unaccountable repugnance on Richard's part did evince itself, and it was only to the persistent urgent persuasion of Dr. Davenal that he at length yielded. He yielded, as it were, under protest, and he said he did, sacrificing his own strong wishes against it to his father's.

He set sail, and he wrote on his arrival at Barbadoes, after a fine passage; and the next letter they received, a fortnight afterwards, was not from him, but from his uncle, the clergyman. Richard had died of yellow fever.

It seemed to turn the current of Dr. Davenal's life. He blamed himself as the cause: but for his scheming—and in that moment of exaggerated feeling, of intense grief, he called it scheming—Richard, his best beloved son, would be still by his side to bless him. He had never been a scheming man, but an open and straightforward one; and never, so long as he lived, would he scheme again. In his unhappiness, he began to reproach himself for having needlessly opposed Richard's marriage—to believe that he might have done worse than in marrying Fanny Parrack. He sent for her, and he found her a pretty, modest, gentle girl, and his repentance heaped itself upon him fourfold. He informed her very kindly and considerately of the unhappy fact of Richard's death, and he told her that should any memento be found left for her amidst Richard's effects when they arrived—any letter, no matter what, it should be given to her.

But that death had changed Dr. Davenal into an old man; in the two years which had elapsed since, he had aged ten, both in looks and constitution. No wonder that a spasm of pain came over his face when Mr. Cray asked him whether he should forbid Caroline to him. You can understand his answer now: "So long as I live, I shall never 'forbid' a marriage to any over whom I hold control:" and you can understand the anguish of the tone in which it was spoken.

And that ends the chapter of retrospect.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Some men are like gardens enclosed by rough stone walls—unsightly without, but beautiful within.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1864.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Our Sewing-Machine Premium.

In answer to various letters, we would repeat that as to our clubs generally, they can be made up of either periodical, or of both, as suits the members. And, if the getter-up of a club for THE POST prefers the Magazine as a Premium, he can have it; while THE POST will be sent as a Premium for the Magazine clubs, if desired.

The Sewing-Machine Premium, it will be seen, applies to both periodicals; *as well as to mixed clubs made up of the magazine and the paper.* This is a splendid premium, and we are glad to see that numbers design availing themselves of it. These machines cannot be bought for less than the price we mention, FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

THAT ADDRESS.

Mr. J. McDuffie, of Cambridgeport, Mass., informs us that the New Year's Address for Twenty-Eight and Twenty-Nine, republished in THE POST of Jan. 2, was written by the English poet Praed, and is to be found in the volume published some years ago by Redfield.

Apropos to this, we notice that an authorized edition of Praed's poems is soon to be published in England. The American edition, above alluded to, was unauthorized in the sense that the poems were collected together—we think by Mr. Griswold—merely on the strength of their general resemblance, and often without any certain knowledge that they were written by Praed. It is honorable to the poetical perception of this country, that the first and only collection as yet published of the works of this witty and charming writer, was issued on this side of the Atlantic. And this is by no means the only case in which the American recognition of the genius of an English writer, has preceded the home one. The case of Thomas Carlyle is a very strong instance of this quick American perception of what is true and what is false metal in the foreign coinage. Carlyle was highly valued by the literary classes of the United States, when the same classes in England could find little in him save what was ridiculous. At present, we judge he occupies a much higher literary position abroad than he does here. He has simply disgusted his old friends with his brutality of thought—that is all.

DEMPSTER.

Mr. Dempster writes us that he designs visiting Philadelphia in a short time, for the purpose of giving a Farewell Musical Entertainment prior to his return to his native land. We notice that in New York a Farewell Entertainment was given by him, at the request of a number of distinguished gentlemen, including the poet Bryant, the historian Bancroft, the Rev. Drs. Prime, Muhlenberg, Geer and Bellows, Parke Godwin, Lewis Gaylord Clark, &c.

NEWSPAPERS.

THE COMMERCIAL LIST of this city, under the management of its publisher, Mr. S. N. Winslow, has undergone various improvements.

THE EVENING TELEGRAPH is a new afternoon paper, just commenced in this city by Mr. J. Barclay Harding. It has our best wishes for its success.

THE NATIONAL GUARD has been purchased by Mr. Wm. Moran, who announces that he intends to make some improvements.

THE UNION BANNER is the name of a new and well-filled weekly, recently commenced in Chicago.

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

The following amusing anecdote, showing how luck sometimes receives the reward to which merit only is entitled, is from a foreign journal:—

In one of the chief government offices at Paris, there was a clerk who, on the last day of each month, the pay-day, scrupulously drew up the account of his month's expenditure: so much for lodging, so much for food, so much for this, so much for that. "Well, but," he said, "I have forgotten myself. What remains for me after I have allotted this money. Nothing at all. By my faith, the other claimants must be content this month to have nothing." Whereupon he swept into his pocket all the little parcels of money which he had prepared. Every month had the same commencement. This mode of proceeding brought him at last into debt on every side, and the law-officer was always at his heels. To escape gentlemen of this sort he, at last, never left the office at all. In the evening he made his soup there, and, at night, he installed himself philosophically in a large arm-chair. He thus carried on war with his foes on scientific principles. On one occasion, the head of the department returning home rather late saw a solitary and unaccustomed light at a window of the office. He was a man who appreciated and applauded zeal. Ascertaining who the indefatigable worker was, he sent for him on the morrow. Trembling all over, the incorrigible debtor approached his excellence, expecting to receive a fierce reprimand for burning the coal and candle of the government. How great was his surprise and his joy when the minister, with a very gracious air, announced to him that, on account of his rare and exemplary assiduity, he intended to give him three months' pay!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THIRTY POEMS. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Published by Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philadelphia. The admirers of Bryant—and who is not enrolled among their number—will be pleased to obtain this collection of thirty of his recent poems for their sitting-room tables. We wonder if many of our readers have seen the following:

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

Merrily swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice, good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes: the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob o'link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

WAS HE SUCCESSFUL? A Novel. By RICHARD B. KIMBALL, author of "Saint Leger," "Undercurrents," "Romance of Student Life," &c. Carleton, publisher, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

The interest of this book and the impression of ability which it creates are due less to its literary excellence,—which in many respects is not beyond criticism,—than to its excellent moral and the shrewdness with which its author judges of character and motives. The course of Hiram Mecker's life, from his seemingly praiseworthy and "eminently moral and religious" youth, to his unlovely and unhonored age is full of interest. If a little overdrawn, its lesson is none the less a direct and intelligible one.

His mother, whose character moulds and trains his own, is described as "an excellent manager, a pattern wife and mother, and a devotedly pious woman," (piety being here understood to mean what Henry James calls "religiosity," form, not substance, doctrine, not life,) and walks her round of life with no doubt of her own perfections, no suspicion of the gnawing worm of inordinate selfhood at the root of all these seeming virtues. "Whatever she did was from a sense of duty—and she did her duty because it was the way to prosperity and heaven." Her son's character is the same, exaggerated and masculinized by the qualities developed in his numerous love affairs.

Joel Burns affords the appropriate set off to Hiram Mecker, showing that the life of an active and prosperous man of business is not necessarily a selfish and worldly one, but affording the means of largest usefulness to those about him.

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT. By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "Verner's Pride," "The Channings," "The Earl's Heirs," &c., &c. Printed from the author's manuscript and advance proof-sheets, purchased from Mrs. Henry Wood, and issued here in advance of the publication of the work in Europe, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Wood's novels are so thoroughly secured in the favor and appreciation of the public, that any special criticism of their style and merit is unneeded now. Their immense, their almost unequalled popularity with nearly all classes of readers, is a sufficient testimony to their power and interest.

The admirers of Mrs. Wood will find no falling off in this recent work from her pen. "The Shadow of Ashlydyat" has all the easy flow, all the interest of plot that our readers have found in "The Channings," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," and the others of her works which our columns have presented to them. This work, indeed, will have a special interest for many in consequence of the element of the supernatural that pervades it in the wierd Shadow of Ashlydyat, whose mysteries the author assures us have been witnessed by her own eyes. Of the many characters that enliven the story the only thoroughly disagreeable one is the hero, "handsome George Godolphin," whose weakness grows into heartless wickedness. Charlotte Pain, on the contrary, from an abominably designing girl, improves into a good-humored, amusing scatter-brain. We recommend this novel as heartily as its predecessors to our circle of readers.

SECESSION, OR PROSE IN RHYME, AND EAST TENNESSEE, A POEM. By an EAST TENNESSEEAN. Printed for the Author. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. The author, in this little volume, gives an East Tennesseean's idea of secession, and alludes to the great barbarities inflicted upon the noble people of East Tennessee by the rebel authorities. The opening of the poem on East Tennessee is well written. We quote a specimen:

East Tennessee! secluded land
Of gentle hills and mountains grand,
Where healthful breezes ever blow,
And coolest springs and rivers flow;
Where yellow wheat and waving corn
Are liberal poured from plenty's horn,—
Land of the valley and the glen,
Of lovely maids and stalwart men;
Thy gorgeous sunsets well may vie
In splendor with Italian sky;
For, gayest colors deck the clouds,
As night the dying sun enshrouds,
And heaven itself doth wide unfold
Its drapery of blue and gold,
And, pillowed in the rosy air,
The seraphs well might gather there,
And, in the rainbow tinted West,
Be lulled by their own songs to rest!

PELAGO: AN EPIC OF THE OLDEN MOORISH TIME. By ELIZABETH T. PORTER BEACH. For sale by J. B Lippincott & Co., Philada. Published by Appleton & Co., New York. This volume contains over 400 pages, and is got up in beautiful style, with tinted paper, excellent print, and well-executed wood engravings, illustrative of the text. The poem is a story of the early history of Spain, which is told in octo-syllabic verse. In glancing through the volume, the following lines struck us as a favorable specimen of the author's powers:

"The silvery moon ascending now,
Serenely shines on mountain brow,—
With placid beam o'er heath and grove,
Where happy lovers fondly rove;
Through leafy bowers and vale she played
In many frescoed light and shade;
Through the dense chestnut foliage gray,
In glowings soft of mellow ray,
That dancing o'er the rippling stream,
On Deva's bosom glistening beam,
And bathe Ansera's cloud-kissed height
In full, resplendent glory bright."

BATTLE FIELDS OF THE SOUTH, From Bull Run to Fredericksburgh; with Sketches of Confederate Commanders, and Gossip of the Camps. By an English Combatant, Lieutenant of Artillery on the Field Staff. With two Maps. Published by John Bradburn, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE COLOR GUARD: Being a Corporal's Notes of Military Services in the Nineteenth Army Corps. By JAMES K. HOSMER, of the 52nd Massachusetts Volunteers. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

GAMES.—The New Historical Game, and Mr. and Mrs. Jollyboy's Picnic, are the titles of two games for children, sent us by Messrs. Fisher & Brother, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

☞ It is a curious fact that in sacred history, the age, death, and burial of only one woman, Sarah, the wife of Abraham, is noted. Woman's age ever since appears not to have been a subject for history or discussion.

☞ A lady describing an ill-tempered man said, "He never smiles but he feels ashamed of it."

THE SONGS OF LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ORADON.

One cold winter's night my friend Diedrick Meerschaum and myself were sitting, as is our custom, before the blazing grate of my private chamber, he engaged with his beloved pipe, and I deep in meditation.—Suddenly breaking the silence, I said,

"Diedrick, sing for me that sweet song, which charmed me so the other evening."

And Diedrick, laying aside his pipe, sang in a soft tenor an Indian legendary ballad, which told of the winged messenger sent to the happy hunting-grounds, laden with the sighs of an aged mother, who as yet lingered on the confines of existence. As the last notes died away, the volumes of smoke began to rise again from Diedrick's mouth, and to curl in fantastic wreaths near the ceiling. As the fire-light flickered and danced over my friend's handsome face, who sat phlegmatically puffing at his "furnace," I began to discourse as follows:—

"Diedrick, best of listeners and truest of friends, the sweet tones of your voice have fallen on my spirit like the gentle April showers on infant vegetation, irrigating, refreshing, and soothing all nature. And, Diedrick, your song has awakened many recollections of the past; its magnetic influence has drawn out old thoughts, rusty and so long since laid aside that their existence was forgotten; and in their train come joy and grief, in strange companionship. It has led me to think of the various songs of life.

When the helpless infant lies in its mother's bosom, its fretted spirit is calmed by her plaintive lullaby. Low and simple are the strains, but the infant nature yields to their influence, the little eyelids close over the orbs of vision, and the child *sleeps*.—Sleeps on its mother's breast secure from harm; sleeps on the fountain of its life, cheered by the melody of a voice. Or it may be that on the lap of some wrinkled nurse, some Meg Merrilies of everyday life, the bonnie bairn sits gazing with his large blue eyes, as he lists to the wonderous tales of fairy or haunted lands; and the ballad, which the crone chants to his infant ear, follows him throughout his life. Do you not remember the story of the mother, who, when she in vain tried to distinguish, among a group of children rescued from Indian captivity, the babe who was snatched from her own breast, with a heart beating with anxiety, and a voice choking with emotion, sang the lullaby with which she had soothed that babe, in days gone by, to peaceful slumber? And lo! as the notes ascended, a child rushed from the group, threw herself into the singer's arms, and sobbed out—"Mother."

Ah, what a joy was there! Did not that happy mother thank the Almighty for the power of melody? Again, did we not weep together, my boy, at the theatre, not many months ago, when we witnessed the heir of Ellangowan forced to recall long-forgotten incidents by the sweet accents of "Gadil gu lo." Did you not then realize, if never before, the intensity of the Cushman's realization of the character of the Gipsy of Ellangowan? In a voice trembling with excitement and cracked by age, yet sweet as the sighing of an Æolian harp, uncouth in dress, tottering in step, and wierd in appearance, she sings the plaintive lay.—Slowly approaching the bewildered Betram, with every note and every step she recalls some childish recollection, until the placid hours at Ellangowan, and the fearful scene at the Gauger's Soup stand in bold relief before him. In no situation did the modern Siddons cause such a thrill of delight to undulate through my veins as when she sang that simple lay; not even when in fearful sublimity she snatches the bloody daggers from the trembling thane; not even when in silvery tones she enjoins mercy upon the Jew; aye, not even when as Queen Catharine she calmly expires to the strains of a solemn symphony; or as Nancy Sykes, meets a horrible death in the arms of her cruel paramour.

But the melodies which charmed in childhood have but little attractions to the boy. The boisterous urchin in his as yet unchanged treble gayly shouts the favorite ballads of the time, beating an accompaniment on such uncouth instruments as may chance to be in his way, extemporizing that useful household article, a tin pail, into a kettle-drum, or with rough castanets producing a din fatal to sensitive nerves. Of harmony he as yet knows nothing, and of time still less, but his acute ear guides him where else his ignorance would bewilder; and his clarion song is not always intolerable. The music of boyhood corresponds with the nature of the boy. God forbid that either should be changed; that the fresh young heart should be saddened prematurely into formality, or the loud young voice be softened into the sentimental tenor or deep bass of advanced life!

But the halcyon school days glide swiftly by; and the little "noisy mansion," with all its concomitants of grammars and themes, is left for the stately college buildings, half buried in elms, and clothed with awful academic dignity. And with this transformation from the school boy to the collegian, the voice and its music likewise change.—His tenor voice sings bravely in the chorus, or perhaps occasionally lifts itself in an ambitious solo. "Benny Havens," "Upidee," "Lauriger,"—now disgraced by the words of "My Maryland,"—become familiar to him; though I doubt if he can readily translate their text. Sweet, my boy, are these good old tunes to my ear, sweet at any time or place, but doubly sweet when sung by the students at my own Alma Mater. As I pay my yearly visit to that dear old spot, and gaze upon the haunts which I once frequented, I feel as if I were a neophyte again, standing tremblingly at the threshold of the temple. And as I have sat on the banks of that loved river, which washes the college "*campus*," the sounds of "Lauriger" have often been borne gently across the water to my ear from distant barges, freighted with gay undergraduates, the stroke of the oars, and the murmuring of the stream as it rippled along its circuitous channel, forming an accompaniment beautiful and appropriate to the chorus of voices of my successors in the first stretch of the journey of life. Again I seem to hear it, "*Lauriger Horatius, quam dixisti verum.*" Sing on, happy hearts, live on in your friendships; no sharp discord disturbs the harmony of your lives, but only a few nicely modulated tones vary the monotony of your daily tasks, and enhance the pleasures that ensue.

Commencement day arrives with its bitter-sweet compendium of joy and grief; the water-shed of life whence no stream flows back through the happy valleys of youth, and another gushes on through the rugged paths of active life. On the platform of the church the valedictorian stands in all the dignity of silk gown, and speaks the parting words; the band peals forth its mellow "Home, Sweet Home," the benediction is pronounced, the assemblage disperses, and the collegian is now the *man*. And amid the congratulations of friends, and the smiles of the fair, the orator steals away to some quiet spot, and there reflects on the pleasures and the sorrows of the day; grieving that he must leave the classic retreat, now doubly dear to him, seeming as a hedge of hawthorn in the distance, smooth and beautiful, all the thorns obscured by the foliage; but rejoicing that his labors are *over*, and thankful that *home*, with all its pleasures, is ready to receive him. And on that last night of their collegiate course the comrades of four years gather around the festive board, and with sparkling wit and joyous song strive to disguise the bitterness of their feelings. For the last time the chorus ascends in the much loved "Lauriger," and the valedictorian sings the farewell song. It seems as if his whole soul is in his voice, and the notes sink deep into the hearts of his auditors.—The last bar is sung, and in silence the classmates sit, no one caring to speak first the parting word. But it must be said—it is said, the hands are clasped in a farewell pressure, parting blessings are given and received; the spell is broken, and thus the sweet overture to the opera of life terminates. And they scatter far and wide, some here and some there, some to be tossed on the billows of life, and others to be floated on its calmer waters;

> "And when I ask with throbe of pain,
> When shall they all meet again?
> As in the days long since gone by
> The ancient time-piece makes reply,
> Forever, never,
> Never, forever."

And now as the youth, buoyant with hope, issues into active life, his song again changes. As a lover, to the sound of the guitar he sings soft amorous ditties; adding with warm glances an earnest to his lays. And thus he woos and wins the maiden's heart. Believe you not, Diedrick, in the power of song to conquer? What says old Burton yonder in that octavo—for I read him in octavo notwithstanding Elia's protest;—in the page which he devotes to the effect of amorous song? "The sweet sound of his voice re-animates my soul through my covetous ears," saith Parthenia. "It was Cleopatra's sweet voice and pleasant speech," adds Democritus Junior himself, "which invegled Antony." See, my boy, they sit together at the piano, and as their voices so their hearts are blending; as he turns over the music he touches her small, white hand, and their eyes meet in an impassioned gaze. A very pretty page of life's music book this is to be sure; but, false valedictorian as he is, he was but trifling, whilst she was, alas! too much in earnest. As droops the lily when deprived of moisture; so her sweet spirit, robbed of life sustaining sympathy, withers away. The maiden passes from the scene; and the pseudo lover becomes a man of the world; having already taken a high degree in the school of deception.

And now in the brilliantly lighted saloon, arrayed in fashionable attire, he whirls in the giddy waltz, breathing out to his fair partner the incense of unmeaning flattery. His rich voice thrills the assemblage with delight as it rises in some operatic air, or saddens, when forgetting the present, he pours forth some sweet melody, such as he was wont to sing in days gone by. And they praise him loudly, and crowd around to hear him once more. "What a wonderful expression—what grace—what cultivation!" Press your embroidered handkerchief to your eyes, my fair friend, and hide the tears which gush thence.

> "Silence beautiful voice!
> Be still, for you only trouble the mind
> With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
> A glory I shall not find."

Ah, valedictorian, whose song was the last on the commencement eve; ah, young lover, whose voice blighted the maiden's heart; ah, man of the world, whose music now charms youth and beauty; think on thy future, prepare for old age, and for death. But he sings his way through manhood, sometimes reflecting on the past, sometimes shuddering at the thought of the future; but mostly wrapt up in the pleasures of the present. He travels far in foreign climes, and learns the songs of the sunny South, and the rough ditties of the Northmen; but to his gay *primo*, a monotonous undertone now keeps company; it is the voice of remorse, the trumpet tongue of conscience.

He returns to his native land, and in the cares of a business life forgets the tones that haunted him; finding sweet music in the clink of the dollar. And thus he lives, a lone man, knowing nothing of domestic felicity, his parents long since dead, and the springs of affection which once bubbled in his breast dried up by the breath of fashion and pride. Alas, that the bright youth, brilliant in the ball-room, divine in the chorus and eloquent in the class-room should have come to this! Alas, that the innocent phantom of youth appeals so often in vain to the covetous phantom of age.

Time flies quickly on; and now he sings no more; his voice once so beautiful and soft, is now as an unstrung lyre; it no longer obeys its owner's command. In the last days repentance comes, and in his dying moments his voice returns, and with a solemn hymn upon his lips, he expires.

From his darkened mansion hired mourners follow the deceased to his last resting-place. The opera of life is finished; and the curtain falls with the funeral chaunt.

The fire was low in the chimney-place when I finished, and Diedrick's last morsel of "Lynchburg" had been dephlogisticated; so we parted for the night.

☞ The *London Punch* copies the following advertisement from the Dublin Daily Express:—

PANTRY BOY.—Wanted, a situation as Pantry Boy by a very respectable Protestant Lady. Application to be made to * * * * Dungannon, Co. Tyrone.

☞ RESCUE FROM DROWNING.—The means generally adopted by the best and most experienced swimmers, are these:—Keep near the person you wish to rescue, but out of reach of his arms until he is nearly exhausted; then, coming behind him, seize him by the left arm between the elbow and shoulder, and push him in the direction you wish him to go. Don't try to carry or drag him; let him go after each push and swim after him; by this means you will get him ashore quicker and with less danger to yourself than in any other way.

☞ MR. WOLFE'S PICTURES.—At the recent sale of Mr. Wolfe's collection of pictures which produced $114,000, and cost him but some $40,000, the highest price was obtained for a picture by an unknown artist. This represented an indolent scholar indulging his *dolce farniente*, and was selected as the gem of the collection by a quiet observer, neither professional nor connoisseur, whose eye alone detected its merit before the sale took place, against the dictum of professional judges who named many others as its superior as a work of art.

☞ Brigham Young boasts he can see more gold and silver from the door of his house than would equal the whole currency of the world. These mines are not allowed to be opened. The effect would be, according to Brigham's ideas, to bring near the "City of the Saints" a large mining population, which he would find exceedingly hard to rule.

> "SHOULD a mother's tender care,
> Cease towards the child she bear."
> Sovereign nature answers "No!
> Least of all, when sunk in woe."

☞ Lord Brougham has thought it worth his while to dissipate the Club joke about his thinking Shakspeare an over-rated man. His lordship is described by somebody as "a man of vast and general misinformation."

☞ A farmer's wife meeting one of her neighbors returning from market, inquired, "What do they pay for eggs at market now?" "I got only eight cents a dozen for mine," he replied. "Eight cents a dozen!" said the indignant dame. "Well, I shall not sell my eggs for eight cents—it don't pay for the wear and tear of the hen!"

☞ SMOKED TO DEATH.—A well-to-do man in London cut his throat the other day while of "unsound mind," so the coroner said, caused by inordinate smoking.

CHICAGO WOOD PAVEMENTS.—The Board of Works in the city of Chicago have given the preference to wood pavements over those of stone, as being the most durable of any kind yet used there. The following is a description of the method of construction: Lay down flooring of one-inch boards on a bed of sand; coat the floor with asphaltum; stand on end blocks of wood six inches high by three inches thick, and nine inches in length, in rows about an inch apart, divided by strips of boards. Fill in these pen narrow spaces with asphaltum. There are six miles of these pavements in Chicago, which after six years' constant wear, are found to be nearly as perfect as when laid down.

THE LADY'S FRIEND,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND FASHION

THE LADY'S FRIEND is devoted to choice Literature and the illustration of the Fashions, and also contains the latest patterns of Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Head-Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., &c.; with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies generally. It is edited by MRS. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of a large number of

THE BEST WRITERS.

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING and A COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c., too numerous to mention.

A SEWING MACHINE GRATIS!

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TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well known weekly paper THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *seventeen* years—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2; Two copies, $3; Four copies, $6; Eight copies (and one *extra*), $12; Twenty (and one *extra*), $25. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $3.

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us) twenty cents.

☞ The contents of THE MAGAZINE and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen numbers will be sent gratuitously (when written for) *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

☞ Editors inserting the above will be entitled to an exchange.

THE BABY IN THE HOUSE.

Every young lady should make herself familiar with the ordinary care of a child; should learn to bathe, dress and tend it properly, for though she should never have charge of a nursery of her own, she will be prepared for a thousand acts of benevolence and mercy, from which she would be entirely cut off without such knowledge. Little children are ever around us, no matter where we go. And there are tried and sick and overburdened mothers enough in everybody's list of acquaintances. Do not feel, daughter, that "it is none of my concern." Remember who it is that will say, "I was sick and ye visited me not." Oh, you may lay up a precious treasure in heaven by deeds of kindness to Christ's suffering poor here on the earth, and in no way can you do a greater kindness often than by a timely, skillful ministering to the little children.

Of course your first duty is in your own home circle. Have you little ones there? Do you seek as far as may be to lighten a mother's weary cares, or do you selfishly leave to her and to hirelings the whole responsibility, while your time is all taken up with selfish pursuits, decking your person and entertaining and visiting like frivolous acquaintances?

If there is a little child in your house, remember that you have a duty to perform toward it. If you neglect it, God will not hold you guiltless. Be a true daughter and sister in your house. Do not leave to ignorant and often unscrupulous domestics, the forming of immortal minds and souls so dear to you. Be fitted in all respects to take charge of the household if God should see fit to call away the mother from her babes, as is so often the case.—*Mother's Journal.*

HEAT AND METEORS.

Some philosophers suppose that the sun's heat is kept up by the constant falling into it of comets, asteroids and meteors, which Kepler supposed to be more numerous in the heavens than fishes in the sea. 240,000 meteors are calculated to have been observed on a single night in Boston. Of course it is a serious objection to this theory, that we have no such variation of heat as might be expected from such a chance supply of fuel. But it is something to know that if this earth's motion were suddenly stopped, and it were to drop into the sun, as it unquestionably would, the heat generated by the single blow would be equal to that developed by the combustion of 5,600 worlds of solid carbon. If, indeed, the whole motion of the world were suddenly arrested, it would not only produce a universal conflagration, but Professor Tyndall calculates that "the quantity of heat generated by this colossal shock would be quite sufficient not only to fuse the entire earth, but to reduce it in great part to vapors"—*Public Ledger.*

☞ A man has sued a London photographist for the price paid for two *cartes de visite*; he told the court that he sat for seventeen days, and the only result was one picture that made him look like a black man, and another that made him look as though he was going to be hung. The court gave him its sympatny, and the artist had to give him his money.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies."

The SATURDAY EVENING POST commenced in the first number of the year, a new novel, called

OSWALD CRAY,

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Verner's Pride," &c.

This novel is published from the advance sheets and manuscript corrections, expressly forwarded to us by Mrs. Wood from England. The length of this new story will be about the same as that of "East Lynne," and "Verner's Pride."

The constant object of the publishers of THE POST is to lay before their readers the

Very Best Stories by Native and Foreign Authors.

In addition to the Stories written expressly for THE POST, its Editor also strives to lay before its readers, the best Stories from the English Periodicals. And gives, in addition to the Tales and Sketches, more or less Agricultural Matter, with a Riddle, Receipt, News, and Market Departments, every week.

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☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium may be either one or the other, as desired.

☞ The matter in the paper will always be different from that in the magazine.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,

NO. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a *marked* copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

LATELY was mentioned the marriage of the armless color sergeant of a Massachusetts regiment, Plunkett, to Miss Nellie Lorrimer. The wedding took place in Worcester, though the parties belong in Leicester. We have now an additional fact of interest connected with the incident. When he left for the wars, Plunkett was engaged to a Miss Lorrimer. Upon his return, he considered his helpless condition and offered a release to his betrothed, which was readily accepted. Her sister was so indignant at this that she said she would marry the brave man herself if he was agreeable, and agreeable he was, and they married. The Hartford (Conn) Post, on whose authority we relate this anecdote, says that "thanks to the generosity of the Brokers' Boards of Boston and New York, and of the people he has met since his return, Plunkett, the hero, is in independent circumstances pecuniarily."

LISZT, the pianist, has been lately honored, at the convent where he is staying, by a visit from the Pope, before whom he played the piano for an hour. When he was done Pius IX. embraced the pianist, and said, "You have made me hear celestial harmonies. Thanks to you, I can now form an idea of what angel choruses ought to be." Liszt is now busy in setting to music the life of Saint Francis, of Assisi, the saint who, according to Renan, approached in character nearer to Christ than any other man who has ever lived.

BATTLE INCIDENT.—We extract the following from a soldier's letter, descriptive of the battle of Mission Ridge:—

During the rout of the rebels on Lookout Mountain, large numbers of them crouched behind the huge rocks, and as our men came rushing up to them, held up their hands imploring, "Don't kill us, we give up." "Kill you, the d—l, no! Got any tobacco? Shell out." And grabbing hastily their large plugs of tobacco, our boys rushed on, many of them holding a plug between their teeth.

☞ It is said that Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown School Days," reported the prize fight for the London Times.

LATEST NEWS.

General Kelly has telegraphed that the rebels have retreated from the vicinity of Cumberland, and have gone towards Staunton.

Lieutenant W. A. Brittain, of the Third Arkansas regiment, attached to Fagan's rebel brigade, came to Fort Smith on the 6th inst., and gave himself up, with a portion of his command.

Not long since three Union soldiers were murdered by guerillas near Mulberry, Tenn. General Thomas has assessed the rebel sympathizers living within ten miles of the scene of the assassination in the sum of $30,000, and has ordered the money to be divided between the families of the murdered men.

The case of the steamer Chesapeake was commenced in the Admiralty Court at Halifax, N. S., on Saturday. The judge stated it as his opinion that the vessel should be given up. The counsel for the confederates asked the magistrate to contemplate the probability of a demand from Jeff. Davis for the rendition of the ship to him. The judge replied that he would pay no attention to such a demand.

The latest news received from Texas is by way of New Orleans, to the 3d inst. Information has been received that all the rebel troops in West Louisiana and Texas are concentrating in central Texas to make a grand attack on the towns on the coast recently taken by Gen. Banks. They are said to number 20,000 men. Preparations have been made to meet this large body of soldiers.

☞ THE IMPORTANCE OF PAYING THE POSTAGE IN FULL.—The law is, when anything is put into the postoffice *underpaid*, the sum which remains due shall be paid *double* by the receiver. Thus, if John Smith send Jim Jones a letter rated at six cents, but pays three cents only, it is not kept back like an unpaid letter, but Jim Jones at the end has the six cents to pay. And so on all packages through the mail. This extra charge of 33 per cent. we suppose, is to make people more careful to know that they pay enough, and to compensate for extra troubles and risk. Letters are three cents per half ounce—six cents per ounce—and so on, each fraction over ½ ounce or 1 ounce counting three cents. This applies to all mailable matter, sealed or unsealed, except transient newspapers, which rate at two cents for each four ounces, and books and pamphlets, which rate at 4 cents each four ounces. The postage on a weekly paper like THE POST is 20 cents a year, payable quarterly in advance at the office where received.

☞ The President's proclamation of amnesty seems to frighten the rebel leaders a good deal. They are afraid the people will accept the offer of pardon, and leave them "out in the cold." Resolutions offered in the Virginia Legislature declare that all who entertain the offered terms "are destitute of patriotism, and will be so regarded and treated by the authorities."

☞ A letter from a secesh lady in New Orleans, to a friend in Mobile, was recently captured, and reveals the fears of the Secessionists. Among other remarks of the kind, occurs the following: "The work of spoliation is going on rapidly, and the Yankee officers are locating their families with an air of permanency truly distressing."

☞ ICE CLAD.—An eagle, so loaded down with ice that he couldn't fly, was captured in Orange, last week. He measured seven feet two inches from tip to tip of wings.

☞ Jenny Lind, it is said, has lost her voice. What a fortune it would be to the finder!

☞ The Rev. L. Shaw, of Farmingdale, as we learn from the Gardiner Journal, enlisted last week, and passed examination except his teeth. He insisted that he would carry a coffee mill that would fix hard tack so that he could eat it, but the surgeons would not pass him.

☞ Prof. Packard, of Bowdoin College, said recently at a public meeting at Lewiston, that his experience of forty years in dealing with young men, had demonstrated that there was no other vice so much to be dreaded, and which had made shipwreck of so many promising youths, as intemperance.

☞ The Bangoreans have got a skating park housed in—the building fitted up with gas lights, pictures, and a gallery for visitors. This is the luxury of skating, but after all it isn't equal to skating by moonlight on some pond in the quiet woods, or over the surface of the frozen river, with the snow-clad pines and spruces lining the banks—nature's picture gallery—and the spice of freedom and adventure which accompanies such out-door sports.

☞ THE LAST NOVELTIES IN HAIR-DRESSING.—Some novel styles of arranging the hair have appeared lately. The Medicis and the Greek bandeaux will most probably be adopted this winter. The latter is made of sky-blue or cerise velvet, starred with small brilliants; it is placed upon the head in the centre of the small fashionable curls, which it appears to hold. The Medicis is more complicated; it is a small diadem advancing in a point upon the forehead, and is made in groseille or blue velvet, likewise studded with diamonds, either stars or crescents. A comb made partly of shell and partly of velvet completes this Medicis' headdress; this is worn between the loops of hair at the back.

☞ They have but just learned how to make flies by machinery in Zoa and, an art which has been known here for twenty years.

THE LADY MARIAN.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

I'll paint you Lady Marian:
She walks this world, a Shining One!
A Woman with an Angel's face,
Sweet gravity, and tender grace;
And where she treads this earth of ours,
Heaven blossoms into smiling flowers.
This is the Lady Marian.

One of the spirits that walk in white!
Many dumb hearts that sit in night
Her presence know, just as the Birds
Know Morning. Murmuring cheerful words,
Where Life is darkest she doth move
With influence as of visible Love.
This is the Lady Marian.

One of God's treasurers for the Poor!
She keepeth open heart and door.
That heart a holy well of wealth,
Brimming life-waters, quick with health;
That door an opening you look through,
To find God our side of Heaven's blue.
This is the Lady Marian.

Her coming all your being fills
With a balm-breath from Heaven's hills:
And in her face the light is mild
As tho' the heart within her smiled,
And in her heart doth sit and sing
Some spirit of immortal Spring.
This is the Lady Marian.

"We shall not mend the world; we try,
And lo, our work is vain!" they cry.
With her pathetic look, she hears;
You see the wounded soul bleed tears;
But toward the dark she sets her face,
And calmly keeps her onward pace.
This is the Lady Marian.

True picture of the Master of old!
Touches of likeness manifold!
The human sweetness in His face;
Large love that would a world embrace:
His Heavenly pity in her eyes,
And all the soul of sacrifice.
This is the Lady Marian.

THE DEAF DISPUTANTS.

A shepherd was guarding his flock at a short distance from a village. This shepherd was deaf. Though noon had arrived, his wife had not yet brought him his breakfast. He did not dare to leave his sheep lest they should be stolen in his absence; but his hunger became fierce, and he was driven, in consequence, to act in the manner we are about to record.

On the banks of a neighboring stream a totty was cutting grass for his cow; the shepherd drew near to him, though with repugnance; for though persons of this profession, are entrusted with the duty of making public and private property respected, yet they are themselves, for the most part, great thieves. The shepherd begged the totty to keep an eye on his sheep while he went to breakfast, and promised to recompense him generously on his return.

The totty, who was not less deaf than the shepherd, replied, in an animated and angry tone, "What right have you over the grass which I have just cut? Must my cow starve while your sheep are feeding at its expense? Leave me alone, and go about your business." He accompanied this apostrophe with an expressive gesture of the hand, which the shepherd took for a mark of consent to what he had demanded.

Consequently the shepherd ran as fast as he could, resolved to give his wife such a correction as to keep her in future from the boldness to be guilty of a similar negligence. But when he approached the cottage he perceived his wife stretched on the ground at the threshold. She was writhing in horrible pain, the penalty for having eaten too great a quantity of raw beans.

The shepherd's anger calmed at the sight of his poor wife's sufferings. He hastened to succor her, and to prepare the breakfast himself. These various cares occupied him a much longer time than he had expected. His impatience was great, for he was far from trusting the honesty of him to whom he had consigned the guardianship of his flock. At last he was able to go back. His sheep were feeding at a short distance from the place where he had left them. He forthwith set himself to verify the number thereof. Not one was wanting. Delighted, he cried, "What a capital fellow this totty is! He is the pearl of the persons of his class. I have promised him a recompense, and well does he deserve one."

The shepherd had in his flock a sheep which was lame, but which was a very respectable sheep in other respects. He took it on his shoulders, and carrying it to the totty said, "You have taken good care of my flock in my absence. Look, there is a sheep which I give you as a present."

The totty seeing this lame sheep brought under his very nose, replied with much vivacity, "Why do you accuse me of having broken your sheep's leg? I swear to you that, since your departure, I have not gone near your flock, and that I have not stirred from the spot where you see me."

"The sheep is good and fat," added the shepherd; "you can regale with it your family and your friends."

"I have already told you," answered the totty in a rage, "that I never went near your sheep. Why do you persist in accusing me of having lamed one of them? Get out of my way, unless you want me to give you a thorough thrashing." He at once took an attitude indicating an intention to accomplish his threat.

The shepherd, perceiving this, and being completely bewildered by a provocation so unjust, put himself on the defensive. Just as they were about to pull each other's ears, a horseman chanced to pass by. They stopped the horse by the bridle, and the shepherd said to him who mounted it—"Listen, I pray you, for a moment, and decide whether I am to blame in the quarrel in which we two are involved. I wish to make a present of a sheep to this man, as a recompense for a small service which he has rendered me, and, as thanks for my good intentions, he wants to thrash me."

The totty, speaking in his turn, said—"This blockhead of a shepherd has the impudence to accuse me of having broken the leg of one of his sheep, and yet I never went near his flock at all."

The horseman whom they had taken as arbiter was still more deaf than the shepherd and the totty. He had not understood a word of what they had said to him. "I confess," he replied, "that this horse does not belong to me. I found it straying on the high road. I was in a hurry. I mounted it that I might travel the faster. Does it belong to you? If so, take it, and allow me to continue my journey, for I have no time to lose."

The shepherd and the totty, each imagining that the horseman had decided in favor of his adversary, began to denounce each other more furiously than before, to curse the arbiter, and to reproach him with injustice.

Meanwhile, an old Brahmin, who was passing, appeared to them the most suitable person to terminate their quarrel. They therefore stopped him, begged him to listen to them for a moment, and, speaking all three at once, they stated to him the subject of their dispute, and urged him to decide which of them was in the wrong.

The Brahmin, who happened to be quite as deaf as themselves, replied, "Yes, yes; I understand you. It is my wife, who has sent you to hinder my departure, and to induce me to return home. But my resolution is taken, and you cannot succeed. Do you know my wife? She is a real demon. It is impossible for me to live longer with such a woman. Since the time—worse luck to me—that I married her, she has made me commit more sins than a hundred generations could atone for, or efface. I am going on a pilgrimage to Kassy. On reaching that holy city, I intend to bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges, in order to purify myself from the innumerable faults to which her wickedness has driven me. I have determined to live afterwards, on alms, in a foreign country, and to remain separated from her for ever."

Whilst they were thus all hideously yelling, without understanding each other, or coming nearer to a settlement of their disputes, the horseman saw some persons advancing at a rapid rate toward them. Fearing that it was the owners of the horse which he had stolen, he very quickly dismounted and scampered off.

The shepherd, perceiving that it was getting late, made haste to find his flock, which had wandered off to a great distance. As he was running along, he did not fail to declaim against arbiters, and to protest that there was no longer any justice to be found on the earth. As to the rest, he attributed the accidents and the contradictions to which he had that day been exposed to a serpent which he had accidently met on the road.

The totty returned to the heap of grass which he had cut. Perceiving near it the lame sheep, he threw it on his shoulders and carried it home, thinking to punish the shepherd for quarrelling with him so unceremoniously and so unjustly.

As to the old Brahmin, he continued his journey, till he found a cosy corner, where he could pass the night. Repose softened, sleep subdued his bad humor toward his wife. On the morrow the Brahmins of his village, his relations and friends, came to where he was, and succeeded in completely soothing him. They induced him to return home, promising to employ their good offices to render his wife more submissive and less a termagant.

"LIVERY SERVANTS" IN NEW YORK.—A cotemporary says:—"In the Central Park, the other day, we counted forty carriages driven by servants in livery. Twenty-five years ago, it would have been difficult to find—setting aside the attendants of foreign ministers—half that number of livery servants in the United States. Every year we ape more and more the raree-show splendors of the European aristocracy. We shall soon have as much gold leaf on our gingerbread as they. It seems to us that some thirty years ago, such beings as 'plain republicans' existed. Where are they now? Tinsel, trumpery and etiquette reign supreme at the seat of government. Look at the quarterings of some of our *new* first families. The panels of their carriages display coats of arms that you would hardly know from some of those that date from the days of the Crusades. We are getting along finely. By-and-by we shall have lords and ladies, perhaps. Nay, perhaps something *higher*—who knows?"

Byron on the Battle of Waterloo.

This interesting statement is copied from an account of Lord Byron, furnished to Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, by George Ticknor, Esq., of Boston:—

While he (Byron) was talking, Sir James Bland Burges, a fourth or fifth rate poet, who wrote "the Exodiad" with Cumberland, and a part of whose "Epick on Richard the Lion Hearted," Lord Byron, in his "Hints from Horace," says he found at Malta lining a trunk—came suddenly into the room and said abruptly—

"My lord! my lord! a great battle has been fought in the Low Countries, and Bonaparte is entirely defeated."

"But is it true?" said Lord Byron, "is it true?"

"Yes, my lord, it is certainly true. An aid-de-camp arrived in town this night. He has been in Downing street this morning, and I have just seen him as he was going to Lady Wellington's. He says he thinks Bonaparte is now in full retreat towards Paris."

After an instant's pause, Lord Byron replied—

"I am d—d sorry for it;" and then, after another slight pause, he added—"I didn't know but I might live to see Lord Castlereagh's head on a pole; but I suppose I shan't, now."

And this was the first impression produced on his impetuous and ill-governed nature by the news of the battle of Waterloo. Two days afterwards I met him at Murray's rooms, where he received, very good-humoredly, the satirical congratulations of Gifford and some others of his Tory friends, on the great victory; but he did not disguise his feelings or opinions about it, and would not admit that the Emperor's case was desperate even then. I was much surprised at all this, though less than I should have been if I had not already heard similar feeling about the whole war of the Hundred Days with Bonaparte expressed by leading Whigs, such as the eminent Mr. Roscoe, of Liverpool, who, of course, spoke more wisely and mildly on the subject, and by Dr. Parr, at Hatton, who was almost as extravagant as Lord Byron.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

There is a proverb to the effect that stolen bread excites the appetite, and another proverb is universal that forbidden fruit is the best and the sweetest. Proverbs of this kind are supposed to apply especially to the daughters of Eve, as the following history of a lady tells us, showing how she learned to grow fond of onions:—This lady was confessing her sins to the priest. He imposed on her a penance which seemed to her far too severe. "Some kind of penance I must inflict," said the priest, "but as you desire it, I shall try to select as light a one as I can. Is there any kind of food to which you have a strong dislike?" "For onions, your Reverence, I have a special abhorrence, and I have never been able to eat them." "Very well, then you must not eat onions for six weeks. This is an easy, and it is sure to prove a very useful penance." For the first eight days the lady ate no onions, though she had a strong desire to know how they tasted. She then thought to herself that one could not signify much. She, therefore, roasted one and ate it; after a while another; and before the six weeks were ended, she had gone so far that she could not live without onions. This lady is still alive, though it would be uncourteous and ungallant to give her name. With forbidden books it is the same as with forbidden fruit. Tacitus says that Nero ordered all the books which he hated, to be burned. These books were greedily sought and read as long as the prohibition lasted. But they were at once forgotten when everybody was allowed to possess and to peruse them. What was true eighteen hundred years ago is no less true now.

TO HAVE A GOOD MEMORY.—There remains a rule which is perhaps the most important of all, and that is embodied in the old prayer for "a sound mind in a sound *body*." In vain shall we look for vigorous memories if our bodily systems are deranged; in vain expect to draw a shining blade from a damp and rusty scabbard. Early rising is as great an assistant to good powers of recollection as can possibly be imagined. Temperance, strict temperance, both in eating and drinking, are positive necessities, if we would have our memories in good working order; and the excessive use of tobacco is, I feel sure, decidedly prejudicial.

The memory, like much other mental machinery, depends more on the stomach than we are generally willing to allow. From dyspepsia proceed what we vulgarily term "thick-headedness," indistinctness, unwillingness to work, and inability to do so, even were we willing. Those, then, that would have their memories powerful and active, must be "temperate in all things," and rise with the larks, those "ploughmen's clocks," as our great Shakspeare terms them. So far for natural aid to memory.

☞ The earth is a great factory-wheel which, on every evolution on its axis, receives fifty thousand raw souls and turns off nearly the same number worked up more or less completely.

PUNCTUATION.

The Dean of Canterbury says on this subject:—"I remember when I was young in printing, once correcting the punctuation of a proof-sheet, and complaining of the liberties which had been taken with my manuscript. The publisher quietly answered me that *punctuation was always left to the compositors*. And a precious mess they make of it. The great enemies to understanding anything printed in our language are the *commas*. And these are inserted by the compositors without the slightest compunction on every possible occasion. Many words are by rule always hitched off with two commas: one before and one behind; *nursed*, as the Omnibus Company would call it. *Too* is one of the words; *however*, another; *also*, another; the sense in almost every such case being disturbed, if not destroyed, by the process. I remember beginning a sentence with—'However true this may be.' When it came in the proof, the inevitable comma was after the however, thus of course making nonsense of my unfortunate sentence. I have some satisfaction in reflecting that, in the course of editing the Greek text, I believe I have destroyed more than a thousand commas, which prevented the text being properly understood. One very provoking case is that where two adjectives come together, belonging to the same noun substantive. Thus, in printing *a nice young man*, a comma is placed after nice, giving, you will observe, a very different sense from that intended: bringing before us the fact that a man is both nice and young, whereas the original sentence introduced to us a young man that was nice.

"Thus too in the expression *a great black dog*; printed without commas, everybody knows what we mean; but this would be printed 'a great, black dog.' Take again a case where meaning is intensified by adjectives being repeated—as in *the wide wide world, the deep deep sea*. Such expressions you almost invariably find printed *the wide, wide world, the deep, deep sea*, thereby making them, if judged by any rule at all, absolute nonsense.

"Still, though too many commas are bad, too few are not without inconvenience also. I saw the other day a notice of 'the Society for Promoting the Observance of the Lord's day which was founded in 1831,' giving the notice that the *day, not the society*, was founded in that year. Had the date been 1631, instead of 18, an awkward interpretation might have been possible.

"While I am upon stops, a word is necessary concerning notes of admiration. A note of admiration consists, as we know, of a point with an upright line suspended over it, strongly suggestive of a gentleman jumping off the ground with amazement. These *shrieks*, as they have been called, are scattered up and down the page by compositors without any mercy. If one has written the words *O sir*, as they ought to be written, viz.: with the plain capital 'O' and no stop, and then the comma after *Sir*, our friend the compositor is sure to write *Oh* with a shriek (!) and to put another shriek after *Sir*. Use, in writing, as few as possible of these nuisances. They always make the sense weaker, where you can possibly do without them. The only case I know of where they are really necessary, is where the language is pure exclamation, as in How beautiful is the night! or, O that I might find him!"

LITTLE THINGS.

Two men were at work together one day in a ship-yard. They were hewing a log of timber to put into a ship. It was a small log, and not worth much. As they cut off the chips they saw a worm—a little worm, about half an inch long.

"This log is wormy," said one; "shall we put it in?"

"I do not know. Yes, I think it may go in. It will never be seen, of course."

"Yes; but there may be other worms in it, and these may increase, and injure the ship."

"No, I think not. To be sure, it is not worth much; yet I do not wish to lose it. But come, never mind the worm; we have seen but one; put it in."

The log was accordingly put in. The ship was finished, and, as she was launched off into the waters, all ready for the seas, she looked beautiful as the swan when the breeze ruffles his white-feathered bosom, as he sits on the waters. She went to sea, and for a number of years did well. But it was found, on a distant voyage, she grew weak and rotten. Her timbers were found to be all eaten away by worms. But the captain thought he would try and get her home. He had a great, costly load of goods in the ship—such as silks, crape and the like—and a great many people. On their way home a storm gathered. The ship for a while climbed up the high waves, and then plunged down, rolling finely; but then she sprang a-leak. They had two pumps, and the men worked at them day and night; but the water came in faster than they could pump it out. She filled with water, and then went down under the dark blue waters of the ocean, with all the goods and all the people on board. Every one perished. Oh, how many wives, mothers, and children mourned over husbands, and sons, and fathers, for whose return they were waiting, and who never returned. And all, all this probably because that little log of timber with the worm in it was put in when the ship was built. How much property, and how many lives may be destroyed by a little worm? and how much evil may a man do when he does a small wrong, as that man did who put the worm-eaten timber in the ship?

AGE AND YOUTH.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

"I am like the hoary mountain,
Gray with years, and very old;
And your life, a sprightly fountain,
Springs, and leaves me lone and cold;
Dancing, dancing on your way,
Down the valleys warm and gay.

"There you go, Dear, singing, sparkling,
I can see your dawn begin;
While the night, around me darkling,
With its death-dews, shuts me in—
Hear you singing on your way
To the full and perfect day."

The Thrush and the Caterpillar.

"Cruel bird! barbarous abuser of superior strength! What! is there not enough to gratify thee on earth—its precious fruits, so sweet, so abundant—are they not sufficient, but thou must destroy life to appease thine appetite? Ah! I rejoice—the lark has risen beyond thy flight. He is hidden in yonder fleecy cloud, and thou returnest baffled—defeated. It is well!"

And the thrush, who had indignantly watched the hawk on its pursuit, nestled more closely over her young brood, comparing herself, greatly to her own advantage, with the bird of prey.

"Madam," whispered a caterpillar from behind a leaf, "I beg to apologize; but allow me to say that I am rejoiced to hear your new view of things. You breakfasted this morning on an intimate friend of mine, and I have been keeping close ever since, for fear you should lunch on *me;* but after what you have said, my apprehensions must be groundless. You will, I am sure, henceforth confine yourself to vegetable diet."

"Humph!" muttered the thrush; "awkward that; it never struck me that 'people who live in glass houses should not throw stones.'"

We often learn the true character of our own deeds in observing what is done by others.

A GOOD MEMORY.

Dr. Fuller had a prodigious memory, and could name in order, we are informed, all the signs, on both sides of the way, from the beginning of Paternoster Row at Ave Maria Lane, to the bottom of Cheapside at the Mansion House. He once made a visit, in the days of the great rebellion, to a committee of sequestrators, who were sitting at Waltham, in Essex. These gentlemen very soon began to talk about Dr. Fuller's great powers of memory, to which he replied, "'Tis true, gentlemen, that fame has given me the report of a memorist, and if you please, I will give you an experiment of it." The party were delighted, and told him they should consider it a great favor if he would so far oblige them; and laying aside all business, they prepared themselves to listen. "Gentlemen," said the worthy Fuller, "I will give you an instance of my good memory in that particular. Your worships have thought fit to sequester an honest, poor, but Cavalier parson, my neighbor, from his living, and committed him to prison; he has a great charge of children, and his circumstances are but indifferent. If you please to release him out of prison, and restore him to his living, I will never forget the kindness while I live."

It is said that the committee complied with the request, and immediately released and restored the poor clergyman. Among the more showy uses to which we may from time to time put our memories, let us not forget, when occasion serves, to use it for so good an end as did the worthy Dr. Fuller.

A FALSE PROVERB.—"Ignorance is the mother of admiration!" that is to say, the less a man knows of all the strange things going on around him, the greater cause he has for wonder. Now, we beg leave to differ very decidedly from the above notion. So far from ignorance being the mother of wonder, we cannot fancy any one with less cause for wonder than an ignorant, illiterate man. We feel almost tempted to say that we have met with stolid agricultural laborers who will wonder at nothing; partly, doubtless, because the horizon of their knowledge is so contracted; but chiefly we are inclined to think, because the faculty of wonder had not been roused into a state of activity. This faculty, the cause of such intense pleasure to many, is no doubt existent in all; but so long as the world of wonders is shut out, so long as the mind is left to vegetate in an atmosphere of mere material occupations, the faculty is not more than existent: it misses its due share in the economy of man's life; for no one can scan, even with moderate attention, the physical world around, without finding how great an influence over his mind does this faculty of wonder exercise, and also for how much healthful enjoyment in life he is indebted to it.

CHILDREN GROWING UP.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

They take their first steps. They pass from the period of easy obedience, of subjection to command, into the period in which they are to assume the responsibility of their own conduct. It is a difficult passage. How to carry a young man on from fifteen to twenty years of age, is a long steering ground, and both shores are lined with perils. No one can foresee the circumstances that betide their children. As long as they are *children*, we have the good of them; but as soon as they begin to leave childhood, and to take hold upon manhood, we begin to feel that the problem becomes more uncertain, more difficult, and more full of anticipations of pain, and realizations of pain. It is the problem whether they have been educated so as to endure the temptations of outer life. Parents scarcely know what their children are made up of. They do not know what strain they will bear. They do not know where the crushing point will be. They do not know whether they can be broken or not. For the family develops not the worse side of the character, but the best. Nor is there any opportunity within the family, and while they are there sheltered, for them to be set upon by such temptations as may afterwards quite overwhelm them.

MICROSCOPIC CURIOSITIES.

Without ocular proof by the aid of the microscope, who could have believed the following account of one of the commonest of animalculæ, the *Melicerta?*—

The smallest point that you could make with the finest steel pen would be too coarse and large to represent its natural dimensions; yet it inhabits a snug little house of its own construction, which it has built up stone by stone, cementing each with perfect symmetry, and with all the skill of an accomplished mason, as it proceeded. It collects the material for its mortar, and mingles it; it collects the material for its bricks, and moulds them; and this with a precision only equalled by the skill with which it lays them when they are made.

Here, again, is an account of one of these living atoms inhabiting, with thousands of others, a few drops of stagnant water:—

Several tiny creatures are laboring with the most praiseworthy industry among the close leaves of the plant. Here is one which may remind us of a guinea-pig in its general outline; but you must suppose the two hind feet to be changed into a divergent fork, and the fore feet to be obliterated. It is a most restless little rogue; ranging among the filamentous leaves of the *Myriophyllum* with incessant activity, he now pokes his way through some narrow aperture, using his curious-forked foot as a point of resistance, now pauses to nibble among the decayed rind, and now scuttles off through the open water to some other part. We see his large eye, shining with the color of a ruby, and set, like that of Polyphemus, right in the middle of his forehead, and his curious apparatus of jaws, the points of which are protruded from the front of his head, and vigorously worked, when he is grubbing among the decaying vegetable matter, adding continually morsel after morsel to the great mass of yellow-green food, which is already swelling out his abdomen to a pig-like plumpness.

THE HYENA IN TADMOR.

Everywhere around are the remains of the glorious city; walls and gateways, and columns of polished granite of rosy hue, or of marble that gleams like snow in the bright moonlight; many standing in their desolateness, but many more prostrate and half-buried in the drifted sand. * * * *
But while you gaze there is a change. The breeze, which had lifted the sand in playful eddies, drops to perfect calmness. Black clouds are collecting over the mountain-range that forms the distant horizon. * *
A hurricane suddenly sweeps through the ruined palaces. * * * * *
The rain now comes down in one universal deluge. * * * * * * *
Flash follows flash in one continuous blaze of blinding light, bringing out the grim marble towers and pillars against the black clouds of midnight with an awfully sublime distinctness; and crash after crash, peal after peal of thunder are blending into one uninterrupted roll.

But amidst the deep roar rises from the gaunt heaps of stone an unearthly sound, like the laugh of a demon. Again, the cackling mirth echoes along the ruined halls, as if exulting in the wild war of the elements, and in the desolation around.—Lo! from out of yon low arch, in the palace of tombs, gleam two fiery eyes, and forth stalks into the lightning the fell hyena. With bristling mane and grinning teeth the obscene monster glares at you, and warns you to secure a timely retreat. Another appears, bearing in its jaws a loathsome human skull, which it has found in the caravan track. You shudder as you hear the bones crack and grind beneath the powerful teeth, and gladly shrink away from the repulsive vicinity.

☞ The only disadvantage of an honest heart is credulity.

WATCHING.

Watching when the morning breaketh
O'er the mountains cold and gray;
Watching when the evening fadeth
In the last long flush of day;
Watching when the stars look gladly
Over all the moonlit sea,
When the night is silent round us—
Love, for thee.

Holy memories steal o'er me
Of the far far distant past;
Fairest visions float before me,
All too bright, too sweet to last.
Watching in the midnight dreary,
Longing thy dear face to see:
Watching till the heart grows weary,
Love, for thee.

Ceaselessly against the window
Beats the dismal plashing rain,
Telling stories weird and wretched
Of what ne'er can come again;
And the night-lamp burneth faintly
On the table, cheerlessly,
And my heart is weary, watching,
Love, for thee.

Watching for the lightest footstep
While my soul is deeply stirr'd
By a murmur 'neath the casement,
By a softly spoken word;
And I gaze into the darkness,
Rain and darkness, dreamily
Watching, longing, longing, watching,
Love, for thee.

Oh! the day succeeds the night-time
With its floods of rosy light;
Following the gloomy winter
Comes the summer warm and bright.
The light comes to the flowers,
And the leaflet to the tree,
And all is gay in spring-time,
Love, but me.

The birds will mate them gladly
When the year is in its prime;
The flowers will smell the sweetest
In the happy summer-time.
I, sad, alone, will watch it—
The wide, the cruel sea—
While its billows bear thee farther,
Love, from me.

Watching all the happy summer,
When the days are long and bright;
Watching while the autumn noontide
Fadeth slowly into night;
Watching through the dreary winter,
When the spring's first buds I see;
Watching till the heart grows weary,
Love, for thee.

THE CASTLE OF MONT ORGUEIL.

A STORY OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "UNDER THE ICE," &c.

Built on the summit of a rock on the east coast of Jersey, the Castle of Mont Orgueil not only gives a beautiful view of the scenery of the island, but also commands an extensive sea-view, reaching on a clear day as far as the French coast. Looking in the latter direction, the spectator, at or near low-water, sees innumerable rocky islets scattered on every side. Many of these are covered at ordinary tides, and the most of them at periods when the tides are highest, which on this coast reach the altitude of forty feet. By the signs which are placed on some of these rocks, the fisherman is able to run his boat ashore without risk of bringing it in contact with the sharp granite points concealed within a few inches of the surface; but though the fisherman, who has been accustomed to the port from his boyhood, may do this, any other man attempting it would surely be wrecked, and in that case his chances of escape from death would be small indeed. Strangely as the name of this castle may sound in English ears, it is associated with events among the most interesting in our national history. Held in turn by Frenchmen, Englishmen, and natives of the island, all of whom have been besiegers and besieged, there can hardly be a square yard of the rock on which it stands from which a soul has not departed to give an account of its deeds. Sometimes it has been a place of refuge, at other times a prison. It was the former to the young man Charles Stuart, the latter to the unfortunate Prynne, the uncompromising enemy of his house, whose miserable cell is still to be seen. In fact, the castle is still in excellent preservation, and little injured by the events of the past; and so slight is the influence which time can exercise on the granite blocks of which it is built, that it may continue to occupy its present position for ages to come.

Not many days since, while examining the external works, my eye was caught by the appearance of a chain dangling from the wall of the highest part of the castle. The links were of considerable thickness, and were terminated by a stout ring; the upper end of the chain being attached to the wall by means of a staple driven into the mortar between two stones as far below the parapet as a man could reach by bending over. I afterwards found that this chain, though strong in appearance, was in reality so eaten into by rust as to be incapable of sustaining even a moderate weight. At the moment when my attention was first drawn to it I was conversing with an old gentleman, who had selected the lower parapet as an eligible spot from which to enjoy the view and his book, and at the same time to inhale the pure air which swept across the sea. Though a stranger—or, perhaps because I was a stranger—to him, he freely gave me all the information concerning the castle which he possessed; and if he had lived in it all his days, and his days had been as many as those of Methuselah, and he had been a witness of the landing of Cæsar on the part of the island where it stands, I doubt whether he could have been better acquainted with the minute details of its history. To my inquiry as to the purpose for which the chain was fastened in such a place, he replied:

"That chain is connected with one of the most exciting incidents enacted here, and but for its assistance England would never have numbered among its Kings a second Charles Stuart."

"Will you be good enough," I asked, to tell me what that incident was?"

"Certainly," he answered.

I seated myself on one of the guns, and imagining, from the deliberate manner in which the old gentleman chose a spot to sit down upon, that his tale would be a long one, I lighted a cigar, which I had bought at a shop before beginning the ascent, in payment for which I had tendered a shilling, and received in return the cigar and twelvepence change—an advantageous arrangement for the purchaser, not attainable, I imagine, in any other portion of Her Majesty's dominions.

During the time (he began) King Charles was in Jersey, several attempts were made to carry him off by private adventurers, who knew that wealth, if not honors, would be accorded to the man who should be fortunate enough to place him in the hands of Cromwell. Among those whose ambition or thirst for gold, or some other motive, prompted them to ponder on a method of effecting his capture, was a man whose real name was unknown, but who was afterwards spoken of by the natives of Jersey as the Gipsy, or Captain Whitehead. That he was not really a gipsy, however, was evident from his appearance. Though swarthy as one of that race, he had not their dark hair or eyes, but, on the contrary, was a fair-haired man with blue eyes. He was rather short and strongly built, wore his hair and beard cut close; and his aspect altogether is said to have excited the suspicion that he was of a very superior class to the gipsies with whom he associated. By some he was said to have joined these wanderers out of love for a girl of the gang, others said he had been a soldier among the Royalists, and had been bribed by the Parliamentarians to try to capture the fugitive Prince; and many other rumors were current in the island concerning him. Probably most of these rumors were only originated after the occurrence I am going to tell you; but one thing is pretty certain, that he was a man of great determination, and, whether actuated solely by hatred of Charles, or by this feeling and ambition combined, that he was no stranger to him.

I should mention here that what I am about to relate came to my knowledge while examining a great chest of papers which was left by my wife's father, who was one of the jurats of the island. The manuscript was not in his writing, though not unlike it, which satisfied me that if not written by him, it was probably written by his father or grandfather; for I dare say you have noticed that a striking resemblance exists in the handwriting of the male descendants of a family: I have myself seen this resemblance so strong, that it was only by a close comparison I could detect any difference in that of the father or the grandfather and their issue.

The tide was dashing fiercely against a rugged mass of granite, beating itself into a heap of foam, or flying into the air in large drops, which sparkled like diamonds where the misty vapor which rose with them was thin enough to allow the white rays of the morning sun to shine upon them. On this rock was seated two gipsies, one of whom, with outstretched arm, was trying to indicate the exact position of a boat to Captain Whitehead, who was standing a little above them, his hand held above his eyes to shield them from the sun.

"Aye," said the captain, "I can see it plainly enough. Turner must be a fool to keep on flashing the glass in that way.—Does he think there are no eyes in the castle yonder sharp enough to see that the reflection is not from the water? Here, Catty, bring me your looking-glass! Be quick, or that owlish lover of yours will have the Philistines upon him.

The young woman he called to was lying beside a fire which was burning on the shore a few yards behind him. She jumped up instantly, ran into the tent, and returned with a small round looking-glass, which she handed to the captain, who immediately directed it towards the sun, and sent a stream of intense light across the sea in the direction of a boat, which was only just visible from where he stood. The signals from the boat were not renewed; and after waiting two or three minutes, apparently to satisfy himself that this was the case, he said—"We may as well get some breakfast. It will be two hours before it is high-water, and by that time Turner will have run into the bay." He turned as he said this, and grasping a handful of the curls which hung from the young gipsy's head in a caressing familiar manner, as though she were a child, approached the fire where the breakfast was preparing. There was in this action, simple in itself, that which told of a confidence between the two based on something stronger than a similarity of interest. On the part of the man it might have been nothing more than a feeling of brotherly regard; but the deep-red flush which glowed in her cheek, and the moist brightness which darkened the always dark eyes of the girl, showed that the feeling of affection with which she regarded him was very strong indeed. As she was a principal instrument in the plot which was being organized, it is necessary to say that she had not only the beauty which is conferred by the possession of regular features, dark-brown eyes, surmounted by narrow, arched, well-defined black eyebrows, a small mouth with full rosy lips, and a mass of black curls which rested on her shoulders and back; but she had, in addition, that attractive expression which seems to spring from a growing consciousness of beauty, and a sense of some mysterious happiness to be enjoyed in the future, the precise nature of which is unknown to the maiden who is just entering womanhood. The adventurous roving life she had been accustomed to, being natural to her, had merely given her a confident bearing, without that air of effrontery which would have been perceptible had she quitted a different sphere to enter on a gipsy's life from choice.

By the time breakfast was finished, the boat, with Turner and two other men, was rounding Plate Roque; and as soon as she was made fast, one of them filled a basket with fish and went away in the direction of Mont Orgueil Castle; while the other two, having filled a second basket, carried it to the gipsy encampment, as though their object was simply to trade with the gipsies. Turner was one of the latter; the other was a gipsy belonging to the gang, and not a regular boatman. Captain Whitehead advanced to meet Turner, and the two sat down on a rock at some distance from the gipsy tent. The captain was the first to speak.

"Well, Turner," he began eagerly, "have you arranged with Clinton where he is to lie with the brig?"

"Yes."

"And he thoroughly understands the instructions I gave you for him with respect to the signals?"

"I suppose so. He told me I should know the position of his vessel by seeing three lanterns one above the other, and I was to steer for them if anything happened to you; that as regarded the other signals you might reckon on his keeping a sharp look-out."

"What else did he say?"

"That on Sunday night he would lie off the castle as short a distance from the outermost rock as would keep the brig safe and allow him to set all sail at an instant's notice without risk of striking. Also, that he would have a boat manned, and ready to push off from the side the moment he saw the signal you had mentioned."

"That part of the business is settled, then. Now, let me tell you what has been done since you sailed; for no time must now be lost in making the grand stroke which will make us rich if successful, and, what I care for most, give me a chance of paying off an old score."

"To tell you the truth, I wish you were going into the business without having any old score on your mind. Those things only blind the judgment at the critical moment; though I cannot deny that it is apt to suggest ingenious schemes for effecting the desired object."

"May the——Well, there is no use in talking of that now. Catty is admitted into the castle to sing and dance whenever she pleases. Charles himself wanted to dance with her once, but he has got some careful guardians he is too much afraid of to disobey, who objected. However, a king never wants tools, and there is a young fellow among the soldiers who has asked her repeatedly to come up, on the nights when he is on duty—which is pretty often, on account of the smallness of the garrison—as Charles is anxious to see her dance in his private apartment."

"But how will that assist your scheme?"

"In this way. You know there is a low door about five feet from the rock on the seaward side of the tower which faces the east?" (Turner made a sign in the affirmative.) "That door opens on a staircase which leads up to a little cell, and passing through a door which opens into this cell you enter a narrow passage, from which there is a short staircase, leading right into the room which Charles uses as a sleeping-room. Catty is as surefooted as a goat, and she will manage to get the man to let her in by this door, under the pretence that she is not likely to be seen by her people in that case. Any excuse will do, especially as it will suit him better than letting her in by the postern."

"And has Catty agreed to do this?" interrupted Turner, eagerly.

"Oh, you need not be alarmed on the score of her morals," answered the other. "The moment the door is opened for her to enter we jump in after her. The rest you know; and you see how easy our adventure is made by Charles's own weakness."

On the day preceding that originally fixed for the enterprise, the conspirators assembled on the shore among the rocks, which concealed them from the view of the garrison in Mont Orgueil Castle, and also from the sight of persons who might happen to pass along the road, the more effectually that the distance between them was quite half-a-mile. Besides Captain Whitehead, there were present Turner, seven gipsies, and an Englishman who had been landed in Boulay Bay from the brig. It was in consequence of the message brought by this man that the conspirators were collected here. He had been sent to say that the wind was so favorable for a run to England, and would probably continue to blow so steadily from the same quarter for some hours, that Lieutenant Clinton thought it would be a great pity if advantage were not taken of it, particularly as at that season of the year the contrary wind blew so much more frequently. The commander of the brig, in anticipation that his suggestion would be adopted, likewise sent word that he would come round the island at sunset, and would be on the lookout for the signal on the Whale Rock; to which point he would send a boat with well-armed men on board as soon as the red light was shown, and would hoist the lanterns on board the brig as arranged.

Captain Whitehead had explained the plan by means of which he proposed they should enter the castle. The information he had got through the gipsy-girl relative to the way in which the interior of the tower was built and occupied, seemed to make the enterprize he had undertaken so easy of execution that there was scarcely anything to be said beyond this. There were no difficulties to smooth over, no objections to be met, and no arguments to be invented with the view of making the undertaking appear more facile than it really was. They were sitting in almost perfect silence therefore, probably meditating on the gain which each would derive from the delivery of Charles to his enemies in England, and waiting the return of the gipsy-girl Catty. This girl, though kind-hearted and thoughtless enough at ordinary times, had thrown herself into the furtherance of the plot with all the energy and zeal which characterises her sex when engaged in schemes, in the successful result of which not only their vanity is concerned, but the desire to receive the approbation of the man they love—a desire which is greatest when they have the most doubt whether that man loves them. It was late in the afternoon before the girl was seen waving the handkerchief she had taken from her head from a rock about midway between them and the shore. Captain Whitehead went first towards her; and the others, after waiting a few minutes, followed him, though they took different ways to reach the same spot, and appeared to be searching for something as they went with great care and attention. After a brief conversation with the gipsy-girl, Captain Whitehead told the others, when they had all arrived, that nothing would be changed in the manner of carrying out the enterprize from what had been already planned.

The night was as dark as it could be close to the sea on a calm night, where it is never entirely dark. The conspirators had no difficulty in getting to the foot of the castle unnoticed. The girl Catty came alone along the road which runs from St. Clement's Bay, and, passing round the foot of the rock on which the castle is built, began at once to ascend it towards the door in an oblique direction—a gentle stroke of the hands together being the only signal she gave to her accomplices of her arrival. It required great care to make but slow progress, on account of the steepness of the rock; nevertheless, she was closely followed by Captain Whitehead, who was followed by Turner, the gipsies creeping after each other in succession. The girl drew herself up against the door, and waited till the captain whispered to her in a low voice to knock, he himself halting at such a distance from it as to be concealed by the curvature of the wall in the event of the soldier taking the precaution to peep out before removing the whole of the fastenings. This caution on the part of the leader of the conspirators was not unnecessary: for, as you will see if you are not afraid to descend the rotten staircase, there is a stout chain which is long enough to allow the door to be opened a few inches without its removal from the hook. As if somebody had been standing behind the iron-plated door waiting for this sound, it was no sooner heard than there was a creaking of bolts, succeeded by a low rattling of the links of a chain. A short silence followed, and the girl could just distinguish the face of the young soldier who had acted as the medium of communication between her and Charles. A moment more and the door was gently opened. She stepped quickly on the threshold, and before it could be closed again, she had, with Dalilah-like treachery, thrown her arms round the young man, and forced him gently back against the wall. It is not unlikely that he, having no reason to believe that she was a Lucretia, put the interpretation on her action most flattering to his self-love. At all events, he does not seem to have suspected treachery, and in the thoughts of deceiving his master was as quiet as the conspirators could desire. He did not remain long in this fool's-paradise; for a dark figure which knelt beside the girl, after remaining motionless for a moment, suddenly thrust its arm upwards, a dull gleam was visible in the darkness, and the girl felt the man she was clasping in her arms slide gently from them to the ground without uttering a sound. A deed like this had not entered her thoughts, and she turned hastily, and without heeding the caution whispered into her ear, began to descend the rocks, taking the direction opposite to that by which the men of her tribe were approaching.

The captain having satisfied himself that Turner was close behind him, concluded that the others also were following, and began to ascend the staircase leading to Charles's room. Holding a dagger in his hand, the captain crept quietly up the narrow winding stairs; so quietly, that if Charles heard him, he might well have imagined that it was merely his agent, and the girl whose presence he was expecting. Suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of dull blows, as though a body was being violently driven against thick timber or stone. Stifled cries for help, which, though faint, were carried up the passage as along a tube, and into the cell where I have told you Prynne was imprisoned, and from thence echoed up the staircase beyond, and into Charles's bedroom. The captain stood still to listen, and thus checked the progress of those behind him. Low groans mingled with ejaculations, in a tongue which he knew to be the gipsy dialect, but could not understand, ascended to the ear, and with these came the more familiar tone of an English voice, faintly beseeching for help.

Alarmed for the success of his enterprise by these sounds, he was puzzled as to what had happened, and undecided whether to advance or retreat while there yet seemed time. From this state of indecision he was released by the hindmost of the gang of gipsies, who finding that those above him were motionless, guessed the reason, and silently pushed his way past the others, till he reached Captain Whitehead, to whom in a few words he explained what had taken place. He, himself, had been the last but one to enter the tower, and just before he reached it, the gipsy behind him had caught hold of his ankle. At first he supposed that he had done so merely to save himself from falling; but, as he turned his head to look at him, he heard the inarticulate sound which his people were accustomed to use when an enemy was by, and he then saw that a man was following them at three or four yards' distance. Conceiving that the intention of this man was to get into the tower in the dark unheeded, under the impression that he was a member of the tribe, and to secure the door, so as to catch them all like rats in a trap when he had given the alarm to the garrison, the gipsy and the one who followed him halted on the lower stair, the former removing one of his garments with the view of throwing it over the man's head, and preventing him from crying out. This plan partially succeeded; but the Englishman, though taken by surprise, and almost suffocated, struggled furiously against his two assailants; and though he was prevented from calling aloud, and eventually forced to succumb beneath the ill-directed blows of their daggers, he did not die unavenged, for one of them fell beneath him, and lay there, moaning out his soul in the strange accents of a language unintelligible to all but those of his own race. Before the captain had hardly received this explanation both voices were silent, and he continued his way upwards. It had not occupied a minute, but when he reached the bedroom he was just too late to capture the occupant, who having heard the sounds, though he believed they were caused by the young soldier and the girl, was too eager to receive the latter to remain seated, and had approached the head of the stairs to listen. Something at the last moment excited his suspicion, and he ran across the room to the staircase which led up to the top of the tower, and then turned round to look behind him at the very moment Captain Whitehead stepped into the chamber. The captain glanced round him and saw that it was empty, but as he did so, he saw a shadow vanishing up the opposite stairs. He rushed recklessly after it, pursued by his accomplices; but, active as he was, he could not travel so fast as the man he pursued, who not only had the advantage of being familiar with the passage, but was much more lightly clothed. Heedless of everything but the accomplishment of the object he had in view, and not diverted from the direct line taken by the unfortunate man who was destined so often in his younger days to experience the bitterness of being haunted like a wild beast, he stumbled on. On arriving on the platform at the top of the tower, and finding himself in the open air, he looked eagerly about him, fully expecting to see Charles before him, helpless, and utterly unable to offer resistance. To his great surprise not a human being was visible. No search was necessary, for the space was so very small, and moreover there was nothing there which could serve as a screen or hiding-place. Imagining he must have concealed himself in some recess on the stairs, the captain descended to the bed-room. He found the door opening from it into the body of the building occupied by the soldiers and the prince's friends and attendants, still barred. It was evident, therefore, Charles could not have escaped by that way. Taking a light in his hand he again mounted the staircase, but from the bottom to the top there was no place in which a man could hide himself. On reaching the platform the captain went carefully about it, to ascertain if there were any means of quitting it except by the way in which he had himself come, and then discovered what was evidently a trap-door; though whether it opened on a staircase, or a well, or anything else, he could not make out, for he and his companions were unable to raise it, showing that it was either locked or bolted underneath. While he was weighing in his mind the possibility of Charles having made his escape by this way, a gipsy touched his shoulder, and caused him to look over the parapet. There, just below him, but still beyond his reach, he saw a white face looking upwards at him, which became even whiter and assumed a more terror-stricken expression as he bent over to examine it more closely, with the aid of the light he still held. The captain did not utter a word; but a name which no man caught came trembling from the lips of Charles. The former laid his dagger on the parapet, and extinguished the light, lest anybody might see it and give the alarm; then grasping the stone with his left hand, he lowered his right as if to help the prince to ascend. Finding his intended victim took no heed of his hand, he took up the dagger, his followers crowding around him, some holding his clothing, and all looking eagerly over the wall and watching his movements. At first he made only a pretence of cutting through the chain, for he seemed to be sawing at it for some seconds before the sound produced by actual contact showed that his dagger had only struck against another metal, instead of the rope he had assumed it to be. It was to defeat an attempt to sever it, and to ensure the safe descent of the person who might be on the rope-ladder, which was provided ready to be hooked to it, that the chain had been fixed. Unfortunately, Charles had not the time to attach the ladder even if it had been at hand, which it was not, as such a pressing emergency had never been foreseen. The captain next tried to seize the chain, but his fingers barely reached the staple which held it to the wall. Baffled and enraged, he pulled furiously at one of the blocks of stone which formed the coping; and Charles, who could just distinguish the action, must have suffered the agonies of death at the thought that it was intended to dash it down upon his head. He still, however, clung desperately to the chain, knowing that he would become a mere mass of mangled flesh if he loosed his hold, and believing that if he accepted the help of his enemies to return to the platform he would perish beneath the blows of their daggers. All that I have described as following his discovery had only occupied the shortest possible space of time. At the first moment terror and surprise deprived him of the use of his voice, if not of his reason; but the action of Captain Whitehead seemed to give him vigor to cry out. His cries, however, uttered in the open air, at such a height, and outside the walls of the castle, were unheard by the garrison.

It was while these things were being enacted on the top of the castle, that a soldier of the garrison who had been visiting his friends was returning towards it. The greater part of the road which now runs from St. Martin's down to the beach yonder, south of the castle, was in existence then; but the shortest way, and that usually taken by persons coming to the castle in the daytime, was reputed to be haunted, and it was very seldom indeed that anybody came that way after nightfall. It so happened that this soldier was an Englishman, named Cooper, a native of Amesbury, in Wiltshire; and it was perhaps from his familiarity with the grand Druidic ruins of Stonehenge that he felt a kind of contempt for the ghosts which could dwell in the insignificant ruins, attributed to that priesthood, which the natives of Jersey avoided with so much awe. At any rate, instead of taking the broader road he took the path which skirted these ruins, and while passing along, and occasionally throwing a side glance at them, he saw a red light burning on one of the rocks furthest from the shore. He stopped to look at it, wondering what it could mean. It was not a fire—its vivid color and the steadiness with which it burned showed that. He went on a few steps and it was hidden; then he came back and it was still there. He again changed his position; and though the red light was invisible, his eye was drawn to three ordinary lights shining one above the other, which, from the manner in which they rose and fell, he saw immediately were on board a vessel. If he had seen the latter alone, he would have thought nothing of it, because it was a common thing for the fishing vessels when they lay off the coast all night to hoist lights, which enabled those on shore to say what particular vessel it was; but taken along with the colored light, the like of which he had never seen in the island, he fancied it might have some meaning which he and his comrades were interested in discovering. No sooner had this idea entered his head, than he pushed on as fast as he could along a path which was both rough and obscure, till he reached the gate of the castle. Directly he was admitted he told the soldiers, who were amusing themselves after the boisterous fashion of the time in practical jokes and noisy pastimes, of what he had

soon. A sergeant went at once to the room where the officers were sitting, drinking and singing, and told them. Some of these thought it did not concern the garrison, others thought it did; and as among the latter happened to be the principal officer, he went to consult the commander of the little band, who was sitting with the few noblemen who resided here with Charles. To reach this room he had to pass the door which opened into his royal master's sleeping room, and in doing so he stood still a moment and listened. He heard the low murmur of voices, but that was all, and he went on his way. After he had told what Cooper had seen, somebody present asked where the prince was. Another answered that he had gone to bed with the headache, whereupon the officer who had come with the news said that he had heard some persons talking in his room as he passed it. So few in number were those who dwelt in the castle, that everybody looked about him, and perceived simultaneously that no person was absent from their circle. There was a general rising; some drew their swords, others took up axes or other weapons equally effective in a close fight, and all made their way to the door of Charles's room. One of them knocked, but there was no answer. He knocked again and louder, but still no response; all was silent as we believe the grave to be.

Alarmed by this, a nobleman present suggested that it would be well to go up to the top of the castle, and descend by the staircase which opened into Charles's room. The suggestion was followed without anybody speaking. One after the other they mounted the stairs which led to the summit, the noise of their own feet drowning all external sounds till they halted to unfasten the bolts which secured the trap-door, which was the same Captain Whitehead had in vain tried to raise from the outside. Then it was that some indistinct idea of what was going forward arose in their minds. The bolts were hastily drawn back, the door dashed violently upwards, and each man sprang on the platform with the agility of a tiger. The group of conspirators were so intently occupied in watching or aiding the efforts of Captain Whitehead to detach a stone, that three or four of Charles's friends were on the platform and had heard his cries for help before they were perceived. The conspirators had no time to consider whether to fight or fly, for the cavaliers were upon them, hewing and striking almost at random. The struggle was a momentary one, the conspirators being either forced over the parapet and crushed by their fall on the rocks below, or struck to the ground and left for dead. Captain Whitehead and Torcer were the only two who made what could be termed a resistance, but the latter was soon overcome; a blow from an axe fell on his forehead, and the blood rushed into his eyes. He made a feeble attempt to press it out with the fingers of his left hand, but while in the act of doing it he received stabs and blows sufficient to have destroyed life in an elephant. The leader of the conspirators sold his life at a dearer rate; but he, too, fell like the rest before the number of his assailants. In the meantime some of the cavaliers, as soon as they perceived the position of the prince, had been engaged in rescuing him, which was not a difficult matter with the aid of the rope-ladder. He had managed to get his foot in the ring, and thus sustained himself without much fatigue; but his hands were bruised and bleeding from the way in which they had been crushed between the chain and the wall. Notwithstanding his wounds, and the effects of the terror he must have felt, he did not suffer himself to be taken down the stairs till he had examined the faces of the dead men who lay on the platform. On seeing the face of the man known as Captain Whitehead, he ordered his body to be put aside from the rest, and the next day he directed it to be taken to the nearest churchyard and buried.

I think (concluded the old gentleman,) that you will agree with me, that this was one of the narrowest escapes Charles ever had. But this is not the only way in which that chain is connected with the prince. Years afterwards, Dean Bandinel and his son, who were charged with being accessories to the murder of his father, Charles I., were sent here as prisoners; and in their attempt to escape, by means of a rope fastened to that same chain, one was dashed to death and the other dreadfully maimed.

As to the fate of the beautiful gipsy-girl, I regret to say I have no sure information. Whether she died of a broken heart, which is likely, or took to telling fortunes like the rest of her tribe, is a question which probably must ever remain undecided. That Charles Stuart profited by the lesson he had received, is, however, very doubtful—he never got over the insanity engendered by a pretty face, and the madness created by a graceful figure.

☞ An eccentric man in Bath (Me.) was asked to contribute to foreign missions. He gave a quarter of a dollar, but stopped the agent as he was departing, and said: "Here's a dollar to pay the expense of getting the quarter to the heathen."

☞ CHILDREN.—I love these little people; and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us.—*Dickens.*

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MR. CALEB COPE, *Treasurer*,
N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor St., Phila.

Sub-Committee on Correspondence.

Mrs. M. B. GRIER, *Ch'rm'n.*
Mrs. B. H. MOORE, *Cor. Sec.* } Ex-Officio.
Mrs. GEORGE PLITT, *Rec. Sec.*
Mrs. W. H. FURNESS.
Mrs. LATHROP.
Miss M. M. DUANE.
Mrs. PHOEBE M. CLAPP, *Assis. Sec.*

Your Executive Committee has the honor to report the receipt of the following supplies during the month of December:—

600 cotton shirts, 554 wool shirts, 42 canton flannel shirts, 265 pairs cotton drawers, 594 pairs wool drawers, 93 wrappers, 636 pairs socks, 195 pairs slippers, 907 handkerchiefs, 37 sheets, 129 pillows, 531 pillow ticks and cases, 260 bed ticks, 107 pads and cushions, 180 towels, 101 needle cases, 390 pairs canton flannel drawers, 38 pairs mittens, 39 quilts, 149 arm slings, 14 blankets, 31 vests, 23 pairs pantaloons, 30 coats, 442 pkgs. farina, &c., 6 bbls. potatoes, 4 bbls. vegetables, 14 bbls. dried fruit, 3 bbls. apples, 1½ bbls. cranberries, 190 lbs. sugar, 155 lbs. butter, 83 cans ext. beef, 66 lbs. cocoa and chocolate, 21 cans coffee, 2 barrels pickles, 9 kegs pickles, 73 bottles pickles, 356 jars preserves and jellies, 67 bottles syrup, 4 demijohns syrup, 98 cans tomatoes, 48 bottles catsup, 116 bottles wine, 29 bottles brandy and whiskey, 18 bottles ext. ginger, 283½ lbs. crackers, 9 pieces dried beef, 16 hams, 112 lbs. beef, 2 kegs apple butter, 45 lbs. soap, 179 lbs. sausage and scrapple, 150 lbs. wheat flour, 45 hair brushes.

Also books, papers, games, groceries, chickens, lint, bandages, old linen and muslin, &c.

We have received in all 225 packages, 36 boxes and 12 barrels have been sent to Washington, 6 boxes to New York, 287 boxes, 13 barrels, 9 kegs remain in store, besides a good present supply upon the shelves. The requisitions of the Department Hospitals have been filled, and a great deal has been issued for "special relief" in the cases of individual soldiers applying, both those discharged and in the service. Liberal supplies have also been sent to the Soldiers' Home, recently established in our city, and the Soldiers' Reading Room has not been forgotten.

Our report for the month of December has brought us to an important epoch—the close of another year. It has been to many of us a year of toil, but the rewards of that toil have been rich and abundant. What true American woman would prefer a life of ease or self-indulgence to this work which yields such heartfelt satisfaction? The President of the Sanitary Commission said on a public occasion: "The hearts of our country women would break were their hands not permitted to labor in some way in the great cause of the nation." Have we not *felt* this? When our homes gave up at this holy shrine their costliest offerings, while the hearts of some even wept that they had nothing to give, no sacrifice to make, the call to arise and work for those who had gone to the field, came like the voice of comfort. Who does not remember that first hour of consecration, when we resolved that for our dear country's sake we would hold nothing too precious to be given in her cause. Time, ease, comfort, wealth, what were they? We felt them to be nothing. Our nation's life was at stake; all we loved was embarked in the struggle. We gave *ourselves*, our hands, our hearts, our all, praying that God would show us what to do, and "establish the work of our hands upon us," and He has done this. The burden and heat of the day are upon us. The old duty of steady, constant effort for the soldiers in the field is ever present, but in addition to that, a new and important work is gradually developing itself, and will soon assume gigantic proportions.

Disabled men, worn out in the cause, are returning home, honorably discharged from the country's service. The pensions cannot be secured at once; they are often unfit for work, sometimes they cannot procure it. There comes to them an interval of want and suffering. They need food and clothing, and they come with their wants, as most soldiers do, to that good friend of the soldier—the Sanitary Commission. What is to be done with these heroes who have bled in the glorious cause? Will you let them suffer? Rather will you not make the Sanitary Commission abundantly able to meet this urgent call upon it, which is becoming more imperative every day. It is merely your steward—holding in trust for the soldiers of the Union the free offerings of a grateful people. Will you place at its disposal all the stores it needs? Remember that the work is your own. The Commission is merely your agent for doing it. Will it not gladden your hearts to know that through your liberality, it is enabled to give comfort to the sick and dying soldier, who having been discharged, has passed beyond the reach of the military hospital, with its appliances? Such work the Sanitary Commission has done, is doing. Will you not by the sending of largely increased supplies from every county give to these suffering heroes, to yourselves, and to us, the promise of a "Happy new year?"

Respectfully submitted by the Executive Committee.

Signed MARIA C. GRIER,
Chairman.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Women's Pennsylvania Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission, held January 4th the following Associate Managers were appointed:—

Miss Susan Myer, Towanda, Pa.
Mrs. Hillman, Carlisle, Pa.
Miss Jane Hand, Cape May Court House, New Jersey.
Miss Lizzie Adams, Mifflintown, Pa.

DONATIONS.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Eleventh Baptist church, 1 pkg.; St. Luke's Auxiliary, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Christ church, 2 pkgs.; Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, 1 bbl; Ladies' Aid, Pottsgrove, Northumberland co., 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Springville, Susquehanna co., 1 box; Glenwood Lenox, Susquehanna co., 2 bbls. and 1 box; Messrs. Hart & Co., 416 South 13th st., 19 dozen pkgs. playing cards; "a Friend," 3 pairs wool stockings; St. James's church, through Mrs. Grier, clothing; Ladies' Aid, Reading, Berks co., 6 boxes; Mrs. Griffith and family, 12 pairs wool socks; Mrs. J. R. Barton, 6 pairs wool socks; Ladies' Aid, Danville, 2 boxes; "a Friend," 10 lbs. hogshead cheese; School Lane Circle, Mrs. J. W. Johnson, clothing; "a Friend," sack of milk biscuit; Holy Trinity church, Mrs. Bucknell, 1 pkg.; Mary E. Cresson, socks and mittens, knitted from San. Com. material; Ladies' Aid, Springfield, Del. co., 2 bbls. and 1 pkg.; M. K. L., clothing; Ladies' Aid, Brooklyn, Susquehanna co., 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Elk Lake, 1 box and 1 bbl.; a friend to the soldier, clothing; Chatham Aid, Avondale, 1 box; Archer & Reeves, 2 bbls. pickles; Women's Industrial Branch, Miss E. H. Haven, Sec'y, clothing; Westfield Aid, Burlington co., N. J., 1 bbl.; Hillsgrove Aid, Sullivan co., 2 boxes, 1 tub butter; Bellefonte, Centre co., 1 box; Mrs. Jandon, 1338 Spruce st., 10 pairs wool socks; Ladies' Aid, Little Meadows, Susq. co., 1 bbl.; Sunbury, Pa., 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Upper Providence and Edgemont, Del. co., 1 box; Aid Society, New Egypt and Jacobstown, Ocean co., N. J., 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Danville, Montour co., 1 demijohn raspberry vinegar; Ladies' Aid, Reading, Berks co., 2 boxes; Reading Railroad, per Saml. Bradford, 7 gas shades; Ladies' Aid, Morrisville, Bucks co., 1 bbl; Millville, Cumberland co., N. J., 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Church of our Saviour, West Phila., 1 pkg; Union Relief, Norristown, Pa., 1 keg; East Freedom, Blair co., Mrs. C. G. Butler, Sec'y, 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, North West, Mrs. H. P. Birtenoine, Pres., large quantity of clothing; Ladies' Aid, Bellefonte, Centre co., 1 box; New Egypt and Jacobstown, Ocean co., N. J., 1 box; Chatham Aid, Avondale, Chester co., 2 boxes; New Milford Aid, 1 box; Clarence and Lillie Moore, 1 box; Mrs. Geo. Plitt, 1 pkg.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

We have heard of many cases of "popping" under very singular circumstances, the eccentric, the abrupt, the business-like, the silly, and a hundred other styles. Of the eccentric, we could cite the case of a well-known merchant, who, one day dining at a friend's house, sat next to a lady who possessed rare charms of conversation. The merchant did not possess this faculty in a very rare degree, but he could do that which was next best, he could appreciate, an appreciation which he endeavored to show by the following mode of action:

"Do you like toast, Miss B——?"

"Yes," responded the lady, slightly surprised at the question.

"Buttered toast?"

"Yes."

"That is strange; so do I. Let us get married."

There cannot be much doubt that the lady was taken slightly aback, a fact that did not prevent the marriage from coming off in a month afterwards, nor the accession of the lady to one of the finest establishments in the city.

As a specimen of the abrupt, we shall cite the case of a gentleman who had retired from business at the age of forty, and built himself a beautiful house, determined to enjoy life to the utmost. One day a friend was dining with him and said half jokingly:

"You have everything here that the heart can desire but a wife.

"That's true. I must think of it," and then relapsed into silence for a few minutes, at the end of which time he rose, begged to be excused for a short time, and left the room. He seized his hat and went instantly to a neighbor's, and was shown into the parlor, with the information that neither the master nor mistress were at home. He told the servant that he wanted neither, and requested that the housekeeper be sent to him. She came, and the gentleman thus addressed her:

"Sarah, I have known you for many years, and I have just been told that I want a wife. You are the only woman I know that I should be willing to entrust my happiness with, and if you agree, we will be instantly married. What is your answer?"

Sarah knew the man that addressed her, and knew that his offer was serious, and as well weighed as though considered for a year, and she answered him in the same spirit.

"I agree."

"Will you be ready in an hour?"

"I will."

"I shall return for you at that time."

Which he did, the gentleman who had suggested the idea accompanying him to the clergyman's. Many years have passed since then, and neither party has seen any cause to regret the abrupt proposal and acceptance.

Of the business style, we can cite a case related to us, which we know for a true one. A young man who had succeeded to the ill-kept and badly cultivated, though really valuable farm of a deceased uncle, saw at a glance that two things were absolutely necessary to enable him to succeed; the first being a wife to take charge of the woman's department, and the second a few thousand dollars to stock it with. He could not help thinking to himself that, possibly, these two great aids to his happiness and prosperity might be found together, and yet without attempting to put his matrimonial and financial ideas into practice, he allowed them to haunt him continually.

With this upon his mind, our farmer started upon a horseback journey to a distant part of the country, and upon his return made an acquaintance upon the road, in the person of an old gentleman who was jogging the same way. The companions dined together at a wayside inn, and fraternized pleasantly, during which the young man opened his heart to the elder, telling him all his plans and aspirations, when the old gentleman addressed the younger:

"I rather like you, my friend, and your honest way of telling your story, and if you will come and see me, I shall be glad. I have three daughters, all as good girls as ever lived. Now, perhaps, one of them may be the very one you are looking for; if so, I will do my best toward making the balance of the matter agreeable. Ride over and see me to-morrow, take dinner, and stay the afternoon, which will give you a fair chance to see them and judge."

The young man instantly agreed to the proposal, making only a condition that the young ladies should not be informed of the nature of his errand. This was agreed to, and they separated.

The next day, at the time appointed, the young man dismounted at the door of the house of his new made friend, and was heartily welcomed. The hour before dinner was consumed in looking over the farm, the young man in admiring its keeping, and the old one in approving of the sensible and practical remarks of the younger, when the meal was announced, and the three young ladies and their mother were introduced. They were all, as the old gentleman had said, fine girls, but the younger, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, and laughing-faced, charmed the young farmer especially. The dinner over, they once more walked out for a chat.

"Well, how do you like my daughters?" was the old gentleman's first question.

"They are all nice girls, very nice," said the young man, thoughtfully.

"And which of them do you like best?" was the next question.

"The youngest, Kate, she is charming, and if I am to be your son-in-law, you must give me Kate!"

"This will never do to take the youngest and by all odds too prettiest," said the old gentleman, seriously.

"I must have her or none," was the response, spoken decidedly.

"How much money did you say you wanted?"

"Five thousand dollars will put my farm in excellent order, and make it worth twenty thousand to-morrow. I must have five thousand dollars."

"I'll give you the sum with either of the other girls," said the old man, positively; "but I will give but three thousand with Kate."

"Then I may as well go to my home.—Five thousand I must have—I have set my mind upon it."

"And I have just as strongly determined to do only what I have said," was the old gentleman's reply; "so I suppose the matter is at an end. However, we will be good friends, and you must sometimes run over and see me."

This ended the conference and they parted. The young man mounted his horse, and rode down toward the road, but just as he was about opening the gate, stooping from his saddle, the laughing faced Kate sprang through the shrubbery to save him the trouble.

"Can't you accept my father's terms?"

"Yes, by George I will, if you say so," was the instantaneous response.

"Then come over to-morrow morning before ten o'clock and tell him so," and the girl vanished like a fairy among the leaves.

The young man rode slowly home, but he was on hand next morning, according to bidding, and married the fair Kate in two months after.

As a specimen of the absurd, we cannot do better than cite a case that occurred within our own jurisdiction, in a country village of Massachusetts. There was a certain Zachariah Peebles, a stout, industrious, sober and bashful farm-hand, a resident of that locality. Zack was celebrated not for what he did say, but for what he did not, his silence being a matter of marvel through all that chattering neighborhood. Zack, with all his taciturnity, was not proof against the shafts of love, and one day was smitten with the wholesome charms of the only child of the widow Brown, a bright-eyed, good-looking girl, possessing the same trait of silence as Zack, though not in so eminent a degree.

The first time Zack showed his admiration for Sally was by seizing up a large basket of cow-feed she was about to carry into the stables, and hurrying thither in a frightened way, much as though he was taking it from a burning house. After that Zack seemed to be perpetually on the watch for opportunities to save the fair Sally from heavier work. These delicate attentions could not fail to attract the attention of the widow Brown, who, really respecting the young man, invited him into the house to spend the evening, and from that time Zack was a fixity. He would sit in the chimney corner of the old-fashioned house, scarcely ever speaking, dividing his attention equally between the fire and feasting his eyes on Sally. For two years this quiet adoration went on, and the neighbors wondered why, as there was nothing to prevent it, they did not marry. It never has been known whether the idea arose out of Zack's own brain, or whether it was a hint from a friend, but at last he did find courage to pop the question. It was done in this way. The time was New Year Eve, and the fair Sally had been preparing a stout jug of mulled cider that she might have something to cheer Zack's heart when he came in. Zack came, he drank, and took his accustomed seat in the chimney corner, where he sat quietly as usual for a few minutes, and then, without any previous symptoms, he rose up to his full height, six feet and two inches, putting his head up the chimney so that but little of him was seen above the waist, and delivered the following oration:

"If somebody loved somebody as well as somebody loves somebody, somebody would marry somebody.

Zack remained with his head up the chimney after this speech, silent as death, for some minutes, until he came forth from his place of refuge at the earnest solicitation of Widow Brown, with a face glowing like the setting sun. The thing was done, however, and Zack and Sally were married in a few weeks after, and we are convinced that if either of them could be induced to talk, now, after a trial of a dozen years, they would say that they were entirely satisfied with that mode of popping the question.

Among the oddities of the mystery, the one over which we have personally wondered much occurred in Philadelphia, within our own knowledge.

A lady and gentleman, who had been acquainted but one week, and who move in the very first circles, were walking upon the street, the lady showing the lions of the city to the gentleman, who was a stranger in Philadelphia. In the course of their ramble they were stopped by a wedding party, who were alighting from their carriages at a church door. The lady proposed to go in and see the affair through. The gentleman consented, and together they stood till the ceremony was over. At the instant, the gentleman, taking the lady's hand in his, led her unresistingly to the altar, without a single word spoken, and presented her to the astonished minister, with the request that they should be made one. In ten minutes the knot was tied, and we have no reason to believe that either have in the ten years they have been joined, seen cause to regret the suddenness of the idea.

☞ The manners of the Brazilians, according to a recent traveller, are but so so, even among the highest ranks. In Rio, ladies of quality amuse themselves by spitting from their balconies on the heads of the foot-passengers below. Doubtful.

☞ JOKING.—Never risk a joke, even the least offensive in its nature and the most common, with a person who is not well bred and possessed of sense to comprehend it.

☞ When Algernon Sidney was told that he might save his life by telling a falsehood—by denying his hand writing—he said:—"When God has brought me into a dilemma in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, He gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood."

☞ A collector presenting a bill to Sheridan, for the hundredth time, apologized for its soiled and tattered appearance. "I tell you what I'd advise you to do, my friend," said Sheridan, "take it home and write it on parchment."

Dim I but purpose to embark with thee,
On the smooth surface of a summer sea,
While gentle zephyrs play with prosperous gales,
And fortune's favor fills the swelling sails;
But could forsake the ship and make the shore,
When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar:
Ah, no! One common oath has tied
Our loves. One destiny our life shall guide:
Nor wild, nor deep, our way divide.—*Prior.*

☞ SHORT SERMONS.—Peter the Great when at Saardam wished to hear a rather famous preacher. The latter consented to preach before the Czar. Having ascended the pulpit, he said, with solemnity and dignity, "Think well; speak well; and act well. Amen." Luther's counsel to a candidate was contained in these words: "Go boldly into the pulpit, open your mouth like a man, and be brief."

☞ A devout philosopher, no doubt anxious to instruct his fellow-men in true happiness, has given the world a distich worthy of universal application:—

"When I from my slumbers rise,
My first prayer is the more is,
Oh, keep me from the devil, Lord,
But chiefly from attornies!"

☞ PEARL BOUQUETS.—The last novelty in the flower world is bouquets made of mother-of-pearl, that sparkles like jewels. The pearly part of the shell is separated in strips as thin as paper, and with these layers trembling out and wheat ears are especially well imitated.

A Reminiscence of the Pillion.

A Warwickshire lady, who has herself journeyed many miles on the pillion, whose hair is white with age, and to whose stories of the early Regency period, and the hatred in which "Bony" was held before the field of Waterloo had been dyed with blood, I have the privilege of listening, told me the following incident, which occurred under her own observation. I repeat, as nearly as I can remember them, her own words.

"In 1809, I went into Leicestershire to a great farm-house to spend the Christmas holidays. A party was arranged for New Year's Eve. A severe frost had lasted all the Christmas, and toward its close a very heavy fall of snow had taken place, so that the roads were many feet deep, but the frost continuing after the fall, it got very crisp and hard. My uncle's farm was in a lonely part of the country, and many of the expected guests having to come from a great distance, we were afraid they would be unable to make the journey. Travelling then was not like it is now, and cross-country lanes were awkward places. We were to have dinner at three o'clock, and everybody who came was to stay all night. Among the expected guests were a cousin of mine, and a young lady in whom he had a special interest. About three o'clock we were therefore a good deal surprised when he rode into the yard on his horse alone.

"Where is Sarah?" cried one.

"'How is it Miss Whitlock hasn't come?' asked another, as the new arrival dismounted and stared with amazement at his horse.

"He had lost her on the road. It may seem strange to you who don't know what pillion-riding was, that a man could lose his sweetheart from behind him and know nothing about it; but such instances are not rare, and sure enough John had lost her. Two horses were brought out of the stable and saddled, the lover remounted, away they all three galloped to look for the missing lady, leaving us in no mood to do anything but speculate by the fireside on the fortune of the lady, for the snow was very deep, and they had had to come across some queer country lanes. It very soon got dark, and the snow began to fall again. We were all very miserable as hour after hour went by, and they did not return. It was ten o'clock before any one of the three came to us, and then she was not found. He had only come to know if she had got to us by any means. She had not gone back home. It was so dark they could not see, and the snow would have covered her over. John was riding up and down the way he had come, and shouting 'Sarah! Sarah!' at the top of his voice in a state of frenzy. Lanterns were provided, and as no more horses were to be had, all the other men who had come to the party started off on foot in the cold snow to look for Sarah. About midnight they found the pillion, and by the aid of the lanterns, though it was very slow work, for the new-fallen snow had almost obliterated her footmarks, they tracked Sarah, as poachers track poor hares under similar circumstances, to a cottage a mile and a-half from the place where she had fallen. The new year had been born some hours when we got this intelligence, and instead of a merry party we had passed a pretty miserable night between our fears for Sarah and the absence of the gentlemen who had to turn out into the snow-storm. Sarah declared she would have no more to do with John for his carelessness, but it did not come to such an issue as that."

Riding, as it is now practised, may be a nice pastime for ladies; in the days of the pillion, when they mostly rode *double*, it was a very different kind of affair.

A LONGITUDINAL RIVER.

A river that runs East or West crosses no parallel of latitude; consequently, as it flows towards the sea, it does not change its climate; and being in the same climate, the crops that are grown at its mouth are grown also at its sources; and from one end to the other of it there is no variety of productions—it is all of wheat and corn, or wine or oil, or some other staple. Assorted cargoes, therefore, cannot be made up from the produce which such a river brings down to market. On the other hand, a river that runs North or South crosses parallels of latitude, changes its climate at every turn; and as the traveller descends it, he sees new agricultural staples abounding. Such a river bears down to the sea a variety of productions, some of which some one or another of the nations is sure to want, and for which one will send to the market at its mouth, or the port whence they are distributed over the world. Its advantages are equally great for trade between the different sections through which it flows, as the staples of those sections are unlike, and productions lacking in one part of its course is supplied in another. The assortments of merchandise afforded by such a river are the life of commerce. They give it energy, activity and scope. Such a river is the Mississippi, and the Mississippi is the only such river in the world.

☞ Every real thought on every real subject knocks the wind out of somebody or other. As his breath comes back, he very properly expends it in hard words.

ORNAMENTS OF SPUN GLASS.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

Much as we all must admire the good taste and elegance which prompts ladies to wear feathers of birds, flowers, and other ornaments in their hats and bonnets, still there is a limit to all things; and when ornaments dangerous to the person, either from their chemical or mechanical structure, are brought into vogue by Dame Fashion, who is the very last person in the world to reason scientifically upon any given question, it is high time that a warning voice should be raised for the benefit of those fair creatures who are about to inflict personal injury upon themselves without knowing anything about what they are about to do, till the injury is actually inflicted. Some months ago, for instance, I saw in a shop window, "Belladonna ointment for the eyes." Good gracious, I exclaimed, what a cruel shame that this ignorant nuisance should be allowed, by his miserable poisonous ointment, to inflict temporary, or a probably permanent injury upon the poor girl who should be tempted to use it. If ladies only *knew* the power of belladonna, if they would but once witness the unsightly effect it has upon the delicate pupil of the eye, tearing it gaping wide open, and admitting the full rays of the sun to the highly sensitive retina of the eye, thence through the optic nerve to the brain, thereby giving to the lady who uses this ointment a fair chance of being struck down with amaurosis, or some other dreadful disease. Besides, ladies, please recollect that a open and dilated pupil, both in man and woman, is a sure sign of weakness of the constitution, and surely no woman in her senses would wish to exhibit to the world so sad fact, especially if it be not a fact, that she is of delicate constitution. A preparation has lately been discovered for *contracting* the pupil of the eye: but, thank goodness, the shopkeepers as yet know nothing about it; and it shall not be my fault if they ever discover it.

Within the last few days I observe a new fashion springing up—a fashion not likely to inflict chemical but mechanical injury in the eye. Everybody knows what terrible pain is caused by a minute piece of cinder of coal-ash getting into the eye during a railway journey. Again, there is a certain species of minute fly, whose mission of life during the summer months is to commit suicide in the eyes of ladies and gentlemen, and whose death-struggles, when its minute legs are caught, and entangled by the delicate membrane of the eyelids, are productive of anything but a pleasant sensation to the unfortunate owner of the insect's tomb. When hard pressed in single combat, the Chinese (clever fellows) have an ingenious habit of throwing a handful of powdered pepper into the eyes of their assailant, and for this purpose have a pocket made in their dress, so that the pepper should be always ready in case of necessity—not a bad plan, by the way, in case of burglars at home; but what would the ladies say if some kind person deliberately and maliciously cast a handful of powdered glass into their eyes; what pain and agony it would cause. But yet—though it hardly seems possible—this is exactly what certain ignorant persons are now attempting to do. A few days ago a lady returning from the Crystal Palace had a little chip box in her hand. I asked her what it was. "A new ornament *for* my hat," was the reply. "Allow me to look at it for a minute." "By the Goddess of Folly and Ignorance," exclaimed I, "why here is spun glass." "Yes, great bunches of minute threads of glass to be used as ornament." I then examined these new ornaments more carefully; they are, in fact, the "peacocks' tails" which the glass-blowers at the Polytechnic, Colosseum, and other places have been so fond of making for many years past for the amusement of those who stand by to watch the process of glass-blowing. They are made of various colored glass, and are certainly most beautiful in appearance, having a glossy, satin-like softness, and are, as well, highly irradescent in the sun. Up to this time, however, nobody has ever thought of utilizing this spun glass, and bad luck to the individual, whoever he may be, for his stupid ingenuity.

The next day I walked down Regent street, and looked in the windows of the bonnet-shops. Ah! ah! said I, glass peacocks' tails again, and placed too in hats in a flaming bunch. Just *exactly over the eyes* of the customer, when she comes, poor thing! Now for the necessary consequence. A lady buys one of these hats; the wind or a touch of the head breaks up some five or six of these delicate spider web-like filaments of glass; they fall in all directions in little bits so minute that they can hardly be seen, even when placed on writing-paper on the table. They fall down and take up their position in the eyes; the lady rubs her eyelids, and closes them two or three times; now the bits of glass have a firm hold in their velvet like lining. "I think I have got a bit of dust in my eye," says the lady; "just look, will you, please?" says she to her companion. "Nonsense," is the answer, "there is nothing there; I can't see anything at all; you must have a cold in your eye," and nothing more is thought of it. The lady is uncomfortable all the evening with "the cold in her eye." When about to retire her eyes look a little blood-shot. "They will be better in the morning, never mind," she thinks to herself. In the middle of the night she wakes up in the greatest pain; her eyes seem on fire; she attempts to open them; the pain is worse; she closes them again, and the sensation is of hot water in the eye. What is she to do? She bathes with cold water; the pain is not alleviated. She probably does not know that under *no* circumstance whatever, where there are the least symptoms of *inflammation* (it is very well in cases of weakness), that *cold* water should be applied to the eye, and where is hot water to be obtained in the middle of the night? The poor thing suffers the greatest agony all the livelong night—agony bad in itself, but worse because the cause is not ascertained. The welcome morning sun dawns through the window, and its first rays light up the accursed peacock's tail, with its beautiful, yet deadly lustre, and then possibly the cause of all this misery flashes across the poor sufferer's mind. Tear out this horrid spun glass from the hat—into the fire with it, smash it up with the poker, and dance round the horrid thing as savages do when they make a holocaust of the murderers of their parents and children. Spread the news of this new and injurious fashion far and near among your friends, and tell them Frank Buckland has earnestly requested you to do so.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is no change in Flour; some 7000 bbls found buyers, mostly in small lots, at $6@6 50 for common and good superfine; $7@7,25 for extras; $7@7,62½ for Pennsylvania and Western extra family, $8@8,25 for fancy do; old stock family at $6,50 ₱ bbl; and high grade Species at from $8,50 to $10 ₱ bbl, as to quality. Rye Flour—sales at $5,50 @6,62½ ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is quiet and without any change to note. Of Buckwheat Meal further sales are reported at $3,25@3,50 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN comes in slowly; about 25,000 bus of Wheat sold at 160@165c for reds, the latter for prime Pennsylvania; 170c for amber, and 173 to 185c for white. Rye—sales of Pennsylvania at 140c. Corn—about 30,000 bus, mostly new yellow found buyers, at 112@114c, and 110c for white; old is scarce and worth 122@123c. Oats—Some 24,000 bus Pennsylvania sold at 86c weight. Of Barley and Malt the sales have mostly been confined to the latter, part at 163 @165c.

PROVISIONS—The market for bbld meats is more active, with further sales of 2000 bbls Mess Pork at $18,50@19 for old, and $22 for new. 700 bbls Beef Hams also sold at $18,25@19 ₱ bbl, and Mess do in lots $13 for Western and $14@16 for city packed. Dressed Hogs are better, and worth $9@9,50 ₱ 100 lbs. Bacon is scarce; old Shoulders are selling at 7¾c, and Sides at 9½c. Of green Meats the sales are mostly confined to pickled Hams at 11½@11¾c. Lard continues in request and about 800 lbs sold at 13¼@13½c; mixed pigs sell at 13¼@ 13¾c; kegs are sold at 14c. Butter is unchanged and the demand fair at 17@23c for packed Penna and Ohio, 25@30c for Roll; and 27@33c for good and choice Goshen. Cheese is quiet within the range of 14@17c for common and fancy. Eggs are unsettled and selling at 28@ 30c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market is firm but inactive. Sales reach about 300 bales, in small lots, at 75@85c for ordinary to good middling and middling fair quality, cash.

BARK—Quercitron comes in slowly. About 180 hhds have been taken for export, at $30@37 for 1st No. 1. Tanners' Bark continues scarce and high.

BEESWAX—Good Yellow is worth 46@47c ₱ lb.

COAL—The market is almost at a standstill, and prices are unsettled and drooping.

COFFEE—The stock is very light, and the market firm. A few small lots have been disposed of, mostly Rio, within the range of 32@ 35c, cash and time.

FEATHERS are scarce, and good Western sell at 60@62c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Sales of Apples at $2@4 and Cranberries at $8@10 ₱ bbl. For Dried Fruit the demand is fair at 9@9¼c for Apples, and 13@15c for unpared Peaches. Pared Peaches are scarce and high.

HAY is better, we quote at $25@28 ₱ ton.

HEMP—There is very little stock here, and no change to note.

HIDES—The market is very quiet. Of Slaughter, sales are reported at 10½@11½c ₱ lb.

HOPS move off as wanted at 26@30c ₱ lb.

IRON—The market continues active and on the advance. Sales of about 1000 tons Anthracite are reported, part at $40@43 for Forge and Foundry, and part on terms kept private.—Scotch Pig is scarce and high. For Manufactured Iron the market is better, and the makers of Bar Iron have advanced their prices $10 ₱ ton.

LEAD continues in request and firm, and 550 pigs Spanish sold at 8½c the 100 lbs, cash.

LEATHER—The stocks and receipts are very light, and the market is steady.

LUMBER—The active season is over, and prices well maintained and firm.

MOLASSES—The market is firmer; sales are confined to 1200 bbls New Orleans, mostly by auction, at 43½@47½c, cash.

PLASTER—We quote on't at $4,75 ₱ ton.

RICE—The market is quiet at 7¼@7½c ₱ lb for Rangoon.

SEEDS—There is very little offering, and Clover seed is in good demand, with further sales of 1500 bus at $7,50@8,25 ₱ bus for common to good and choice lots, the former for old crop. Timothy is quiet, and nominally held at $3, and Flaxseed firm and in request at $3,15 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—No change in Brandy and Gin; the transactions are limited and prices firm. N E Rum is held at 103c. Whiskey is firmer, with free sales of bbls at 92@95c for second-hand and new Penna and Western, and the latter scarce; Drudge sells at 90c.

SUGARS—sales comprise 250 hhds English Island and Porto Rico at 12¾@13c; 350 boxes Cuba at 13@14c, and 1500 bags Brazil at 12¾c, on time; 200 hhds New Orleans also sold, mostly by auction, at 12¾@13¾c, cash, including clarified at 15½@15¾c.

TALLOW—The market is quiet but firm at 12c for city. Some sales of Western are reported at 11¾@11¾c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The firmness of holders and the high rates now demanded has had a tendency to limit the operations of Leaf and Manufactured, and the market is at a stand still.

WOOL—There is rather more inquiry; sales reach about 150,000 lbs in lots at 78@80c for low and medium, and 82@85c for fine fleece and tub. Low Wools are very dull.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1607 head. The prices realized were from 9 to 12 cts ₱ lb. 100 Cows brought from $30 to 50 ₱ head. 4000 Sheep were sold at from 5 to 6½c ₱ lb gross. 560 Hogs brought from $9,00 to 9,75 ₱ cwt net.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS
CURE SCARLET FEVER,
CURE SCARLET FEVER,
CURE SCARLET FEVER.

Dr. Radway's Pills are the only purgative medicines safe to administer in Scarlet Fever, Erysipelas, Small Pox and other eruptive and reducing fevers. These pills cure the patient and are a safeguard against the subsequent appearance of Dropsical effusions, Opthalmia, Strumeous discharges from the ears, sores, ulcers, and swollen joints, fits, convulsions and a trail of other maladies that scarlet fever patients suffer after treatment of this disease.

A LAMENTABLE FACT.

Not one physician in one hundred ever cures the patient under treatment of Scarlet Fever, Small Pox, Erysipelas. Granted that the patient *recovers* from the peculiar symptoms of the original disease—but the disease is only *smothered*, and subsequently breaks out in other forms. If Radway's Pills are used in this or any other disease where a cure depends upon purgation, and purity of the blood, a perfect cure will be secured. Radway's Pills purge thoroughly, cleanse and purify the blood, regulate the Liver, Kidneys, Spleen and other glands to a healthy and harmonious action; occasion no straining, piles or bruesmus, they make a perfect cure, no more physic is necessary, man is restored to health, and Nature, until her laws are violated, keeps him healthy. Price 25 cents per box.

RADWAY & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
"Sold by Druggists."

Health for the Sick and Afflicted.

SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY

The Great Remedy for
The Great Remedy for
Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Spitting Blood, Difficulty of Breathing, Pain in the Side and Breast, Palpitation or Disease of the Heart, Influenza, Croup, Broken Constitution, Sore Throat, Nervous Debility, and all Diseases of the Throat, Breast and Lungs.

For thirty years it has been a standard remedy, curing the most obstinate cases after all other remedies and treatment had failed. Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. nov7-3m

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, and THROAT DISORDERS, use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," having proved their efficacy by a test of many years. The Troches are highly recommended and prescribed by Physicians and Surgeons in the Army.

MANCHESTER, Eng., May 31, 1859.

Having tested the medicine called PAIN KILLER, manufactured by PERRY DAVIS & SON, of Providence, in the United States, I have much pleasure in speaking of its great efficacy and usefulness. Two years ago I was suddenly afflicted with a painful internal disease, when a friend of mine, (who just returned from the States) seeing my anguish, gave me a small quantity of Pain Killer which he brought with him, and which I took internally, as he directed. The relief was immediate and so satisfied was I of its value as a medicine, that I immediately sent over to New York for half a dozen of the large bottles, and I am thankful to say it has proved to my family and to others who have used it, of inestimable value, and relief to most all kinds of suffering and pain.

Yours truly, H. D. MEAD.

Gray Hair Restored, Baldness Prevented

"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."

The only attested article that will absolutely restore the hair to its original color and beauty, causing it to grow where it has fallen off or become thin. Wholesale and retail, at Doctor SWAYNE'S, 330 North Sixth street, Philada. Price 50 cents; 6 bottles $2.50. nov7-3m

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
FURS.
THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK IN THE CITY,
AT
CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS,
CONTINENTAL HOTEL,
nov14-3m PHILADELPHIA.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, by Friends' ceremony, at the residence of the bride, in presence of overseers appointed by the meeting, WILLIAM M. CAWLEY, to ELIZABETH H. HINCHMAN, all of Woodstown, Salem county, N. J.

On the 20th of Dec., by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. ANDREW MACAULAY, to Miss MARTHA J. DAVIS, step-daughter of Mr. John Irwin, of this city.

On the 31st of Dec., 1863, by J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. CHARLES T. NOBLE, to Miss HELENA E. JOHNSON, both of this city.

On the 31st of Dec., by the Rev. E. H. Gillroy, Mr. JAMES R. PEDRICK, of this city, to Miss MARY E. TURCHINO, of New Jersey.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. NICHOLAS SALMON, to Miss KATE HILL, both of this city.

On the 31st of Dec., by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. MORRIS G. DUDLEY, of Moorestown, N. J., to Miss MAGGIE E. HUDSON, of this city.

On the 12th of Dec., by the Rev. Mr. Alday, Mr. HARRISON S. LINKER, to Miss EMMA L., daughter of R. Fordham, Esq., both of this city.

On the 24th of Dec. by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. GEORGE L. BURSON, late of Shrewsbury, Eng., to Miss LOUISA SINKSON, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, CLARA T. COOPER, daughter of Wm. M. and Maria Cooper, in her 17th year.

On the 2d instant, MARGARET, relict of the late John Eckel.

On the 5th instant, CHARLES WENCK, aged 63 years.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. ESTHER ANDERSON, wife of Wm. Anderson, in her 56th year.

On the 3d instant, WILLIAM M., son of Wm. H. and Elizabeth Lehman, aged 25 years.

On the 3d instant, EMILY, wife of John Palmer, aged 24 years.

On the 3d instant, HENRY COVERT, in his 29th year.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. MARTHA LAWRENCE, in her 78th year.

On the 2d instant, MARY ANN, wife of Daniel Hance, in her 27th year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
R. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 29 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ DISSENSIONS AMONG CHRISTIANS.—The English Ambassador, some years since, prevailed so far with the Turkish Emperor, as to persuade him to hear some of our English music, from which (as from other liberal sciences) both he and his nation were naturally averse. But it happened that the musicians were so long in tuning their instruments, that the great Turk, distasting their tediousness, went away in discontent before their music began. I am afraid that the differences and dissensions betwixt Christian churches (being so long in reconciling their discords) will breed in pagans such a disrelish of our religion, as they will not be invited to attend thereunto.

☞ People often wonder at the most natural things in the world. "I say, Digby," said Quilp to an acquaintance, "you look sober this morning." "And for a very obvious reason," said Digby; "I AM sober."

☞ FLOWERS IN DECEMBER.—The New Orleans papers of the 6th instant say that the city gardens are filled with flowers in full bloom, and that the markets are supplied with fresh tomatoes and other summer vegetables.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES,
A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS PAPER.
One Dollar a Year in Advance.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES discusses all questions of PRACTICAL INTEREST to Superintendents and Teachers, and is supplied every week with fresh ORIGINAL ARTICLES from able REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS.

Every year adds to the evidence that such a paper as this was needed. Whenever it finds its way into a new neighborhood, the teachers hail it with pleasure, as supplying a want they had long felt.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES is an undenominational paper. It therefore finds a welcome in every CHRISTIAN HOME.

Its conductors strive to furnish not only the BEST SABBATH-SCHOOL JOURNAL that is published, but also spare no effort to make it equally acceptable as a FAMILY PAPER. In every number there is to be found much interesting and valuable reading for PARENTS and their CHILDREN.

THE PREMIUM PLATE.

We desire to introduce this paper to earnest, active *Superintendents, Teachers*, and friends of the cause throughout the country. We therefore offer, among other premiums, a *copy* of a large and expensive Scripture Print, representing "CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN," to those who will send in lists of NEW subscribers for 1864.

The *names* of five *new* subscribers, with Five Dollars, secures *The Premium Plate* to the getter up of the club. In ordering the *Picture* by mail, 12 cents in stamps should be sent to pay the postage.

Subscriptions may be forwarded at any time during the year, and the papers will be sent to as many different post-offices as desired.

☞ Specimen copies of the paper sent free, on receipt of a stamp to pay the postage.

J. C. GARRIGUES & CO.,
Publishers and Booksellers,
148 SOUTH FOURTH ST., PHILADELPHIA.

FICKARDT'S CATTLE POWDER.

The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast.

This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given, in proper doses, mixed with its FEED, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your HORSES, CATTLE and HOGS in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder. Prepared *only* by

WILLIAM RALSTON,
Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,
Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10th, 1862.

WM. RALSTON,—Dear Sir:—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses, and as good a preparation as there is in the market. HIRAM WRIGHT,
Assistant Veterinary Surgeon for the United States Government.

For sale by all Druggists and dealers. Price 25 cents per package.

Agents—D. S. BARNES & Co.,
202 Broadway, New York.
DYOTT & Co.,
jan16-6m 232 N. 2d St., Philadelphia.

Cider Can be Kept Sweet for Years by Using
SULPHITE OF LIME.

A package, with full directions, costing but 50 cents being sufficient for one barrel of Cider. It is a perfectly harmless preparation, and does not give any taste to the Cider.

For sale by
WRIGHT & SIDDALL,
Wholesale Druggists and Chemists,
nov7-14t No. 119 Market St., Philadelphia.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

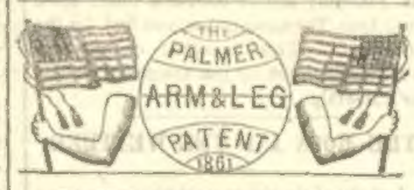
Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE

Have purchased the old school Pennsylvania College, together with the Museum and apparatus for teaching.

Spring Session commences the first Monday in Feb. Address W. PAINE, M. D., 931 Arch Street for Catalogue or information as to College. jan9-2t



B. FRANK PALMER,

SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

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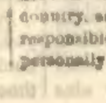

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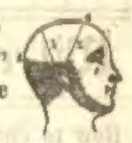

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Truths that Defy Contradiction.

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It neither burns the skin nor hair.
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And lastly, its inventor challenges a trial between this dye and any other in existence, whether of native or foreign origin.

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Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size

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Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

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To Restore the Sick to Health.

The blood must be purified, and all medicines are useless which do not possess the quality of stimulating the blood to discharge its impurities into the bowels,

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

possess this quality in a high degree, and should be in every family. They are equally useful for children and adults; adapted to both sexes, and are as innocent as *bread*, yet MOST EFFECTIVE AS A MEDICINE.

The Hon. Jacob Beyers, of Springville, Indiana, writes to Dr. Brandreth under date of May 11, 1861:

"I have used your Invaluable Vegetable Universal Pills in my family since 1838; they have always cured, even when other medicines were of no avail. I have been the means of my neighbors using hundreds of dollars' worth, and I am satisfied they have received a thousand per cent. in blessed health through their use. They are used in this region for Bilious and Liver Diseases, Fever and ague, and in all rheumatic cases with the most perfect success. In fact, they are the great reliance in sickness, and I trust your venerable life may be long spared to prepare so excellent a medicine for the use of man. * * * * * * * * * * * Please send me your lowest price by the gross."

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Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

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HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE AND NEURALGIA cured at once by Wolcott's PAIN ANNIHILATOR, Catarrh and Weak Nerves in a few weeks. For sale at all Drug Stores. Wholesale Depot, GEORGE SIMEON, 1315 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. Agents wanted and well paid. jan2-4t

Wit and Humor.

How to Cure a Smoky Chimney.

For hard lying, the following can't be beat. A correspondent, who lives in New Hampshire, states that in those parts resides a man called Joe, a fellow noted for the tough lies he can tell, and as a sample, rotates the following:—

Joe called at Holton's one day, and found him almost choked with smoke, when he suggested—

"You don't know as much about managing smoky chimneys as I do, squire, or you'd cure 'em."

"Ah," said Holton, with interest, "did you ever see a smoky chimney cured?"

"Seen a smoky chimney cured?" said old Joe. "I think I have! I had the worst one in Seaboard county once, and I cured it a little too much."

"How was that?" asked Holton.

"Why you see," said Joe, "you see, I built a little house out yonder at Wolf Hollow, ten or twelve years ago. Jim Bush, the fellow that built the chimneys, kept blind drunk three-quarters of the time, and crazy drunk the other. I told him that he would have something wrong, but he stuck to it and finished the house. Well, we moved in, and built a fire next morning to boil the teakettle. All the smoke came through the room and went out of the windows; not a bit went up the flues. We tried it for two or three days, and it got worse and worse. By-and-by it came on to rain, and the rain begun to come down the chimney. It put the fire out in a minute, and directly it came down by the pailful. We had to get the baby off the floor as soon as we could, or it would have been drowned. In fifteen minutes the water stood knee-deep on the floor. Then I went out and took a look. It didn't rain half so hard outside, and I pretty soon see what was the matter. The drunken cuss had put the chimney wrong end up, and it drawed downwards; it gathered all the rain within a hundred yards, and poured in down by bucketsful."

"Well, that was unfortunate," remarked Holton. "But what in the world did you do with the house? Surely, you never cured that chimney?"

"Didn't I, though?" answered old Joe. "Yes, I did."

"How?" asked Holton.

"Turned it the other end up," said the incorrigible, "and then you ought to have seen it draw. That was the way I cured it too much."

"Drew too much?" asked Holton.

"Well, squire, you may judge for yourself," said old Joe. "Pretty soon after we got the chimney down and the other end up, I missed one of the chairs out of the room, and directly I see another of 'em shooting towards the fire-place. Next the table went, and I seen the back log going up. Then I grabbed the old woman under one arm and the baby under t'other, and started; but just as I got to the door, I seen the cat going across the floor backwards, holding on with her claws to the carpet, yelling awfully. It wasn't no use. I just seen her going over the top of the chimney, and that was the last of her."

"Well, what did you do then?" asked Holton. "Of course you couldn't live in such a house?"

"Couldn't I, though?" said Joe; "but I did. I put a poultice on the jam of the fire-place, and that drawed t'other way; so we had no more trouble."

THE RIVAL CANDIDATES.—A Western correspondent sends the following, which is very good—none the worse that it has appeared before in substance in the magazines. That time the scene was laid in Lower Mississippi. Very likely it happened in several places. Politicians are much alike:

A candidate for office came upon "a poor white man" who had a vote to give, if he did have to do his own milking. The candidate, Jones, asked him if he should hold the cow, which seemed to be uneasy, and the old man consenting very readily, he took her by the horns, and held fast until the operation was done.

"Have you had Robinson (his rival) around here lately?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. He's behind the barn, holding the calf."

BIG AND LITTLE.—One day a farmer, driving along in his wagon, stopped and took in a poor little boy. The boy seemed much pleased. But soon he seemed filled with wonder. He would look for a while at the little front wheel, and then at the big hind wheel. The farmer couldn't think why he kept looking and laughing, till, at length, driving his horse quite fast, the boy, forgetting himself, burst out in a fit of laughter, and spoke to the little front wheel, "Go it, little wheel, big wheel can't catch you."

VALUABLE SALVE.—A Mormon priest named Nicholas made a nerve and bone all-healing salve, and thought he would experiment a little with it. He first cut off his dog's tail and applied some of the salve to the stump. A new tail grew out immediately. He then applied some to the piece of tail which he cut off, and a new dog grew out. He did not know which dog was which, at least Nicholas said so.

A VERMONT MAGISTRATE.—A Vermont justice of the peace has not been in the Drawer, but Squire Burt, of Wells, must have a place. Mr. Thompson brought a suit against his neighbor Harrison. They were both friends of the justice, and the case was heard before a jury, and both parties told their story, when the squire said, "Now ef you find that Mr. Thompson tellied more truth than Harrison, then you find for the plaintiff; and ef Harrison tellied more truth than Thompson, then you find for the defendant." This impartial charge was greatly applauded by the spectators.—*Harper's Monthly.*

THE MOON AND THE WEATHER.

A study of the thermometric observations at Greenwich, shows that there is a tolerably constant increase of temperature from the new moon to the full, and a decrease from the full moon to the first quarter. It is also found that the maximum of rainy or cloudy days corresponds with the first half of the lunar period, and the maximum of fine, clear days, with the last half. This fact is explained by the dispersing action of the full moon upon the clouds; and this dispersing action is in turn accounted for thus: The heat rays of the moon are almost inappreciable even to the most delicate instruments. Melloni found that the index of an extremely sensitive thermoelectric pile scarcely moved when a moonbeam was concentrated on it by a lens so powerful that a sunbeam thus converged would have burned platinum into vapor. The heat rays sent from the moon, therefore, must be intercepted and absorbed by our atmosphere. Being thus concentrated in the upper strata of the atmosphere, the heat necessarily warms that region, and thus dissipates the clouds and hinders their formation. The full moon will, therefore, clear the sky, and by so doing, will lower the temperature of the earth, for clouds act as a blanket to the earth, keeping its heat from radiating into space. The new moon deprived for some time of the sun's heat, is incapable of exercising a similar influence, and the rainy or cloudy days are therefore more frequent during the first half of the lunar period.

THE LOCUST.

Many writers mention the curious resemblance which the head of the locust bears to that of the horse; whence the ancient Greeks call it "the horse of the earth," the modern Italians, "the little horse," and the Arabs, "the soldier's horse." This last comparison seems to include something more than the mere shape of the head; and when we read Salt's description of the Abyssinian locust: "The head and shoulders—armed with a thick shell or case, that of the head of a leaden grey color—the body cased with seven strong plates on the back, folding over one another;" and when we remember that one genus takes its name from the spine or spike which projects from the middle of the breast; we seem to have no faint or imaginary picture of the ancient war-horse, armed with projecting spikes and thick plates of solid metal. "The appearance of them (says Joel) is as the appearance of horses; and as horsemen, so shall they run—and when they fall upon the sword they shall not be wounded," (ii. 4, 8) Compare with this the language of the Apocalypse: "And the shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared unto battle—and they had breastplates as it were breastplates of iron." (Rev. ix. 7, 9.)

☞ In vain we chisel, as best we can, the mysterious block of which our life is made, the black vein of destiny continually reappears.

☞ Indiscriminate eulogy and indiscriminate invective are equally good—both good for nothing.

A FACT.

CONDUCTOR (Taking half-price ticket).—"Surely, Miss, that young lady is over ten; are you not, Miss?"

DIGNIFIED YOUNG MISS.—"Pray, are you not aware, conductor, that it is extremely rude to ask a lady her age." [Conductor retires overwhelmed.

Agricultural.

FARMER GARRULOUS TALKS

Again Concerning Agricultural Fairs, etc.

Did you ask if I had been to the Fair, John? Yes, I was there. What did I think of it? Why, I thought a good deal about it. I am satisfied that the days when Fairs are useful are passing away. I am sorry to be compelled to say so. There is something radically wrong about the motives of men who visit Fairs. They do not seem to labor during the year for the purpose of making a creditable display at the Fair. Our best farmers show the least. Now these exhibitions of fine stock, of grain, vegetables and fruit, should mean something. Each object should be a lesson to talk about—an object lesson. An animal enters the ring, is looked over by the judges, a ribbon is tied to the horn, he is led around the ring once, and passes away into the stall. Well, what comes of it? Do the judges make any report beyond the simple award? Not at all. They award a premium to what they call the best bull, without pointing out why they think him best. This educates nobody—the public are none the wiser—and it is because judges are not compelled to give a reason for their awards that we do not have better judges and more just decisions. For nine out of ten judges who decide upon the relative merits of animals, would be exceedingly puzzled if called upon to report *what* the points of merit are upon which their awards are made. The fact is, there are few men, who act as judges who have any standard of excellence fixed in their minds at all. The judge is governed almost exclusively by the *impression* the animal makes upon his mind as he superficially glances at him.

Now there is Dolorous. What does he know about the points of excellence which make up a good milch cow? It is doubtful if he ever milked a cow in his life. I don't believe he knows that there are any peculiarities about a cow which indicate superior excellence as a milker. And yet I saw him treading around a great overgrown, white, barren Short-Horn cow, that had no more bag than an ox, and was just about as much of a milker, pointing out, with a great show of wisdom, the remarkable character of this animal, to a brother committee-man, who evidently knew less of the animal than he did, and behold, the big, barren, long-haired, staggy Short-horn wore away the blue ribbon, while a tidy little dame of a cow, with a bag as big as a half bushel basket, and the milk dripping from her teats—a milch cow all over—went off the grounds as demurely and modestly as she entered? And these sayans had scarcely looked at the "scrawney beast." "That is what is the matter." That is what is *killing* our Fairs. The spirit of competition—honorable competition and emulation—is not fostered. *Fools* in kid gloves and broad-cloths serve on committees and astonish and discourage practical men by their displays of wisdom. It is grinding to one's sensibilities, John, to see how these things go. And it makes me sad to see that this course of things is bearing legitimate fruit. It is destroying our exhibitions.

I met Bidin on the Fair grounds to-day. He was looking down in the mouth. I asked him what was the matter. He said he had been in trouble. He was disgusted with the action of the committee on sheep. He had a fine-wooled flock in competition with others. He was proud of his sheep and liked to have them examined. But he said the committee pulled a little wool out of the stump of one of the flock, gazed earnestly at the animals as if they were trying to see through the wool over their eyes, and passed on to another pen, where they made the same kind of an examination and then rendered the verdict. Bidin said, that had the award been made to his flock, he should not have regarded it as a compliment; for it was not the result of a careful, critical examination. Not a committee-man got into the pen with the sheep—not an animal was handled by a member of the committee, and Bidin said he would be d—ogged if he would take another sheep to a County Fair.

And there was my friend Genens, who rushed up to me with a bright light in his eye, colored with indignation, saying, "I'll tell you what, Farmer Garrulous, I am not going to attend any more of your Fairs and be imposed upon in this way. There is my cultivator. What do you think? They sent a lawyer, a doctor, and a horse-jockey around to examine it and award a premium. Not one of the committee knew anything about farming or farm implements. They told me so. I told them I would not show mine then—I would withdraw it from competition; and I did. And now I am going home. And when I want an award I will invite a dozen or score of farmers into the field and show them what it can do. I'm not going to pay entrance fees for the purpose of enacting such a farce as this again."

So it goes, John—so it goes, and I tell you I've thought a heap about the matter. And I'll tell you what I think some other time.

How Vegetation Influences Climate.

The climate controls vegetation in a great degree, is quite evident, and it is equally true that vegetation itself has a marked effect upon the climate. In the first place, it exerts an influence upon the wind. Where the land is bare of trees, the wind has an unobstructed sweep; and where this prevails, and is violent, the climate is not only unpleasant to man and beast, but is unfavorable to vegetation. Western farmers know how this is upon their broad unsheltered prairies, and New Englanders know how it is along their bleak sea coasts. The only way to grow handsome and healthy trees in such localities, is first to surround one's farm or garden with a belt of strong, coarse trees, like the willow, silver poplar, and evergreens. Outside of such verdant barriers, the trees and shrubs, if planted, grow lop-sided, lean, and stunted; inside, they stand erect, well developed, and vigorous. Without this protection there is the unpleasantness of having a gale forever blowing about one's ears, the ceaseless roar of the wind around the dwelling, the rattle of windows and doors, the increased consumption of fuel, and the discomfort of cattle at all seasons, but especially in Winter; put these and the like things together, and we find that whatever serves to break the violence of the wind, or to change its direction, is a thing of considerable importance. It should not be forgotten that air in motion produces more chilliness than the same air at rest. Wet your finger and hold it up in the still air, and you will hardly feel the cold; but swing it around, and the hand will be rapidly chilled. The difference between the climate of a windy region and one sheltered from driving currents of air, is equally great.

Again, vegetation affects climate by limiting evaporation of moisture. Many years ago, Humboldt declared that men in all climates, by stripping the hills of trees, were preparing for themselves two calamities, viz.: the want of fuel and the want of water. The evaporation from trees produces a cool and moist local atmosphere. The overhanging boughs prevent the too rapid evaporation of moisture from the ground, and its dissipation by the wind. The sources of nearly all brooks and creeks are to be found in springs among the hills; and by cutting off the trees which have always overshadowed them, the moisture is rapidly evaporated, and the springs lowered, if not dried up.

Experience is continually demonstrating this. Every old farmer will tell us that his springs are less copious now than they were thirty years ago; and so of the various streams, large and small. The rains fall, perhaps, in nearly their former abundance, but they come oftener in torrents, which run down the hill-sides, unobstructed by trees, brushwood, and low vegetation, and pour themselves into the streams of the valley, producing freshets and hurtful inundations; and so we go from freshets to droughts, from heavy rains to long periods of arid, parching dryness. In some parts of Europe, so great harm has followed the destruction of forests, that legislation has been called in to stay their demolition and to promote the planting of new.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

☞ Johnny remarked to his grandmother that old Mrs. Cranshaw had the appearance of a person with one foot in the grave. "Well, really, upon my word," said the antique lady, "I thought I noticed she walked a leetle lame lately."

☞ A poet that fails in writing, becomes often a morose critic. The weak and insipid white wine makes at length excellent vinegar.—*Schnstone.*

LOOK UPWARD.—In thy agony of a troubled conscience, always look upwards unto a gracious God to keep thy soul steady; for looking downward on thyself, thou shalt find nothing but what will increase thy fear, infinite sins, good deeds few and imperfect: it is not thy faith, but God's faithfulness thou must rely upon; casting thine eyes downwards on thyself to behold the great distance betwixt what thou deservest and what thou desirest, is enough to make thee giddy, stagger, and reel into despair: ever therefore lift up thine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh thy help, never viewing the deep dale of thy own unworthiness, but to abate thy pride when tempted to presumption.—*Fuller.*

Useful Receipts.

TO MAKE CANDLES.—Take of alum 5 lbs., dissolve entirely in 10 gallons of water, bring the solution to the boiling point, and add 20 lbs. tallow, boiling the whole for an hour, skimming constantly. Upon cooling a little, strain through thick muslin or flannel; set aside for a day or two for the tallow to harden; take it from the vessel, lay aside for an hour or so for the water to drip from it, then heat in a clean vessel sufficiently to mould; when moulded, if you desire to bleach them, lay upon a plank by a window, turning every two or three days. Candles made strictly by the above recipe will burn with a brilliancy equal to the best adamantine, and fully as long.

FOR POLISHING BLACK STOVES.—Mix the black lead with equal quantities of milk and turpentine. It will require to be well brushed afterwards.

CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS.—We take the following receipts from an English paper:

A very nice little Christmas pudding for a small party, suitable to a young and happy pair who are just commencing housekeeping, are rather inexperienced, and can only invite three or four friends:—1 oz. of candied lemon peel, 1 oz. of orange peel, 6 oz. of raisins, 6 oz. of currants, 6 oz. of best beef suet, 6 oz. of flour, 6 oz. of sugar, two eggs, a pint of milk, a small nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of salt. Stone the raisins, pick, wash, and dry the currants, chop the suet extremely fine, put them, with the lemon and orange peel finely sliced, all together in your large dish for mixing, add the flour and sugar, and grate the nutmeg over all. Then beat up your eggs, and stir the milk gently into them. With this liquid wet all the other ingredients; flour well a strong pudding-cloth, and when you have thoroughly mixed your pudding materials, so that all is perfectly blended, and, taking care not to make them too wet or to leave them too dry, put your pudding into the cloth, tie it tightly, and boil in a large pot four or five hours, taking care that the water boils ere the pudding is put in, and that it is kept on a quick boil during the whole time of cooking, and also that the pot is replenished with boiling water, as it frequently requires to be.

A CHRISTMAS PUDDING FOR A LARGER PARTY.—When small fingers can aid in the required preparation, and assist in the demolition of a good plain family pudding, 1 lb. of raisins, 1 lb. of currants, 1 lb. of suet, and 2½ lbs. of flour, with 1 lb. of sugar, 3 eggs, and a tablespoonful of ground allspice, 1 oz. of candied lemon, 1 oz of orange peel. Prepare these ingredients as usual, and boil this pudding at least seven hours. Always place an old plate at the bottom of the saucepan in which a pudding is to be boiled, and do not imagine that a plum pudding can be over-boiled; I never knew any instance of this, but I have known many a pudding perfectly dry in the centre for want of a sufficient quantity of water or too small a saucepan in which to boil it; and I have also known a rich plum-pudding appear at table in the form of a very thick soup for lack of being firmly and tightly tied when put into the pudding-cloth for boiling. Never omit to dip your pudding into a pail of clear cold water for about three minutes when taking it up for being dished, this renders it firm and prevents the cloth adhering to it. Some persons put brandy into the pudding when making it, but I prefer—especially for Christmas—to have a little brandy poured over the pudding after it is dished; then set on fire, and so very carefully brought into the dining-room. Children delight in this sight. Some prefer having a little drop from a tablespoon poured over each slice of pudding and set on fire ere it is handed round; and some kind uncle is generally the person to get the tablespoon heated, and superintend this little exciting arrangement.

I beg to inform young housekeepers that a very great deal of trouble may be saved by doing things in time. I have my suet at present ready, finely chopped, sprinkled with salt, and so pressed down in a basin that it will keep for months. The raisins, currants, &c, may be all ready a day or two, nay a week, beforehand. The pudding may, if desirable, be made and boiled at leisure, and hung up, if tied up in the pudding-cloth, for a day or two. When wanted, put it into a pot full of boiling water for about an hour or two, depending on the size of the pudding, then dipped into the pail of cold water for dishing, as before described. Some almonds should be blanched, simply by pouring scalding water over them in a basin, when the skins are easily peeled away; these almonds should be stuck into the pudding ere it goes to table.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 100 letters.

My 53, 4, 99, 20, 48, 73, 8, 62, 80, 84, 14, are frequently called upon in the dead of night.

My 45, 48, 77, 38, 100, 30, 35, is found in the Polar Seas.

My 98, 21, 50, 76, 3, is a kind of serpent.

My 25, 81, 97, 54, 21, 91, 6, 35, 40, is what all should try to get.

My 30, 57, 18, 71, 9, was a warlike people of gigantic size, who dwelt on the Eastern borders of Canaan.

My 41, 59, 61, 25, 48, 99, 87, 75, was a prominent General in the Northern army.

My 1, 13, 64, 86, 48, is a very common name in Scripture, which signifies laughter.

My 27, 93, 33, 92, 45, 55, 24, 78, 41, 66, never won a fair lady.

My 83, 84, 41, 83, 12, is an awkward, ill-dressed woman.

My 62, 90, 70, 31, 7, 71, 51, 66, 37, 99, is an instrument which measures light.

My 97, 64, 17, 79, is a rapacious bird of the pelican tribe.

My 15, 86, 65, is the name of a tree under which an angel conversed with Gideon.

My 47, 56, 39, 21, frequently denotes distress.

My 23, 49, 10, 90, 16, 36, 31, is very plentiful in the vicinity of a saw-mill.

My 43, 48, 63, 85, is to survey.

My 3, 35, 92, 6, 96, is where John saw Jezebel when he came to Jezreel.

My 32, 70, 68, is an adverb.

My 11, 12, 39, is the name of animal whose head was worth about $40 in Samaria when it was besieged.

My 42, 94, 20, 58, is to repine at the happiness of others.

My 60, 7, 22, is a coasting vessel.

My 88, 60, 50, 99, 72, is to move with haste.

My 2, 74, 87, denotes merriment.

My whole is a verse with precepts stout,
And a motto that is ever good,
Which points the birth of quarrels out,
That we may nip them in the bud.

Lynnville, Morgan Co., Ill. R. VASEY, Jr.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 12, 18, 9, 1, 11, is the name of a country.

My 20, 3, 19, 19, 11, is what we all go for.

My 22, 16, 12, 9, 6, 21, is a name dear to us.

My 12, 15, 4, 14, 1, 3, 4, 3, is a county in Tennessee.

My 8, 10, 5, 6, 7, is a stream of water.

My 17, 1, 18, 2, 19, 11, is a county in Indiana.

My whole is an old saying. H. ELDRIDGE.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first the ladies often wear,
To exclude the damp and chilly air;
My second all shoemakers use,
In making boots, but not in shoes;
My whole in gardens oft is seen,
And when alive is ever green.

So. Bend, Ind. W. H. M.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a place of refreshments,
My second is a title,
My third is often applied to gentlemen,
My whole is a name given to rebels.

Ithica, Miss. C. JONES.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find two different isosceles triangles such that their perimeters and areas shall be both expressed by the same numbers?

Scott Co., Iowa. MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a rectangular field whose breadth is 4-5 of its length. After laying out 1-5 of the whole ground for a garden it was found that there were 400 square yards left for mowing. Required—the length and breadth of the field?

Ohio. T. C. FLEMING.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What proof have we that Cain did not kill his brother? Ans.—Because he was not Abel (able).

☞ What carpenter's tool represents a stingy nobleman's coachman? Ans.—A "screw"-driver.

☞ What part of a river resembles pride? Ans.—That which "goes before a fall."

☞ What Roman General's name is a command to capture a lady? Ans.—Cæsar (seize her).

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—General Ulysses S. Grant and the Army of the Cumberland. CHARADE.—Napoleon (Na-Po-Le-On)! RIDDLE.—Evening.

Answer to PROBLEM by Morgan Stevens, published Dec 5th, 1863.—143.—Gill Bates, Francis W. Hibbard, Wallace Yost, Reuben Barto, B. Vasey, Jr., and Morgan Stevens.

Answer to PROBLEM by A. Martin, published Dec. 5th, 1863.—10.815 inches.—Morgan Stevens, Gill Bates, and Reuben Barto.